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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

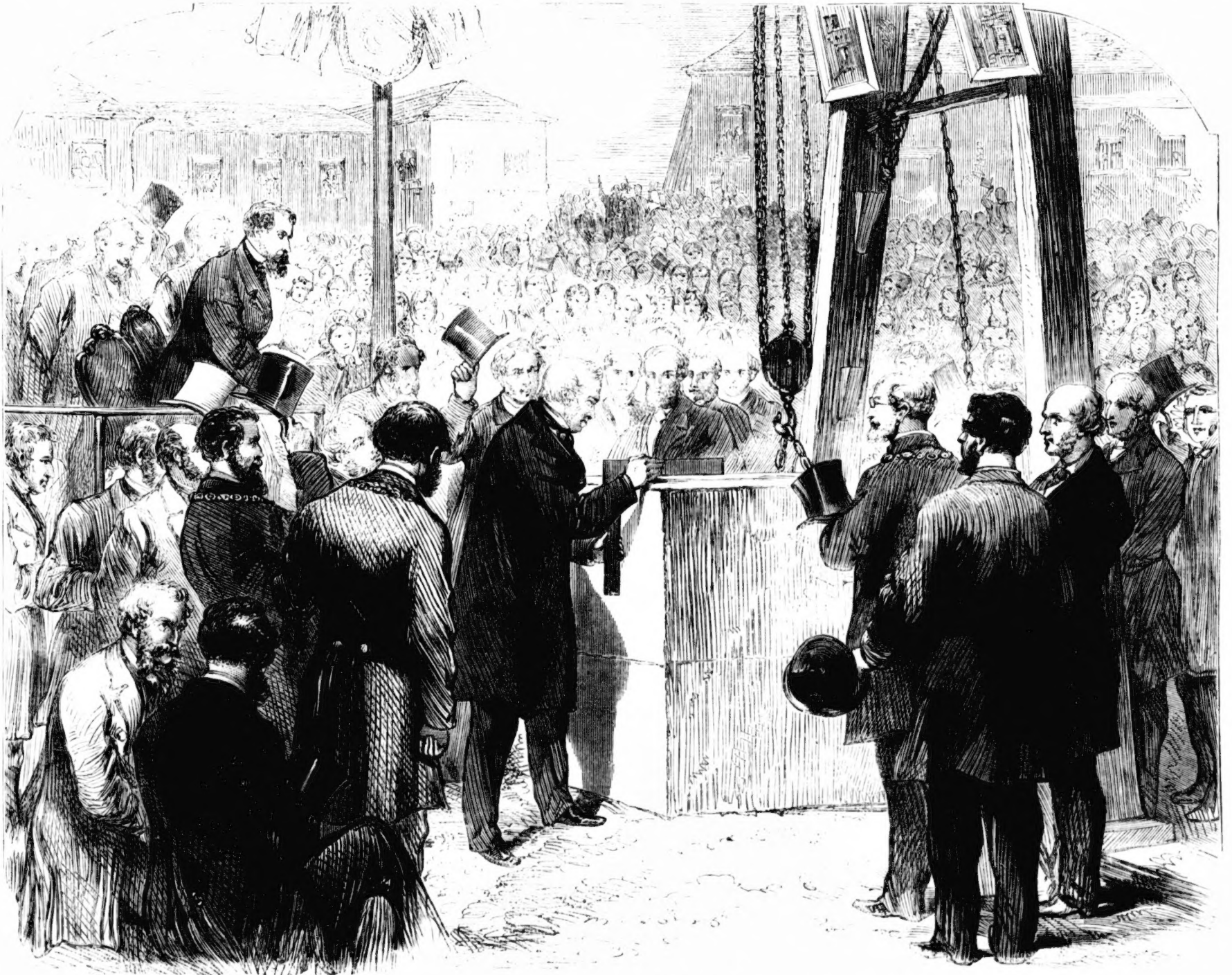
THINGS are awfully dull at home and abroad. A speech by Lord Palmerston in praise of himself is looked upon now as an important event, and is made the subject of leading articles by journalists starving for subjects. Were it not for the general stagnation, the commonplace remarks of the oldest, but by no means most venerable, Premier that England has yet known would scarcely even excite a smile. One would, of course, feel a sort of languid contempt for a Minister whose statesmanship seems to consist entirely in the art of making excuses—an art in which those who excel never (according to a wise saying of the Duke of Wellington) excel in anything else. Lord Palmerston has now a set of reasons for not postponing indefinitely the long-promised reform bill, and another set of reasons for postponing it at least for a time. The former he employs on his provincial tours, the latter he keeps exclusively for the House of Commons. It is not difficult to decide whether in his heart he wishes to "patch the Constitution" or not. He desires nothing of the kind; but it is also quite certain that, if his remaining in office required it, he would once more pledge himself to introduce some measure of Parliamentary reform. The manner in which his last oratorical performance at Bradford was received by the

workmen of the town, and by a considerable portion of the middle class besides, may be taken as an intimation that the facetious Premier will be called upon before long to declare his views positively on the subject of an extension of the suffrage. In our opinion it would not only be safe, but positively advantageous, to admit the best class of workmen to the right of voting at elections. Workmen sufficiently skilled to be in the receipt of good wages are, as a rule, far more independent and also better educated than the small shopkeepers who have now such an undue share in the representation of the large boroughs. No one who has any knowledge of English society as a whole can maintain that the foremen of printing-offices, factories, and workshops in general do not number among them many more men of ability and of conscientious political convictions than are to be found among the grocers, butchers, and publicans of the great and small towns. Yet the latter possess a considerable amount of political influence, while the former may be said to have none at all.

Dr. Cumming and the special correspondent of the *Times* in Denmark are of opinion that the European world is gradually resolving itself into three great divisions—the Latin, the Teutonic, and the Slavonian. The author of "Apocalyptic

Sketches" bases his belief on his own interpretation of St John's Revelation, the *Times* correspondent founds his opinion on the recent course of events in Italy and Spain, in Denmark, and in Poland. As to Poland, there is certainly more chance of its being absorbed by Russia now than there ever was before, and, Poland once absorbed, the Slavonic empire would, no doubt, exercise great influence on the millions of the Slavonians of the Greek-Catholic Church now under the domination of Austria. With regard to Denmark, we know that the most considerable portion of this kingdom, after becoming Germanized, has now been made German in a political sense. It is also a fact that Germany, apart from conquest, has extended itself greatly since 1815 in the direction of Poland, and that a portion of Prussian Poland has been really digested by the Germans and has become thoroughly German.

The Latin section of Europe, however, is by no means formed, and the only two sovereigns who desire its formation are the Emperor of the French, undoubtedly the first Roman of the day, and Prince Couza, alias Alexander John the First, who is, in one sense, the last of the Romans. Italy is the humble ally, if not the slave, of France. As for Spain, notwithstanding the friendly relations existing between the



LORD PALMERSTON LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE BRADFORD NEW EXCHANGE.

French and Spanish reigning families, we see no reason for believing that the two countries are allied at all. In short, the theory of the *Times* correspondent and of the great apocalyptician will not hold. In spite of the difference of race, great sympathy exists between Frenchmen and Poles; and in spite of the assumed identity of race between Frenchmen and Spaniards (for the identity is, of course, by no means complete), Spain is, morally and politically, no nearer France now than she was in the time of Louis XIV. or of Napoleon I.

At the same time, there can be no doubt but that the political union of the so-called Latin kingdoms of Europe is as much a favourite project of the third as it notoriously was of the first Napoleon, and some amateurs of political ethnology expected that this very week would have witnessed the assemblage at the Châlons camp of the King of Spain, Prince Humbert of Italy, and Prince Couza, *alias* Alexander John I., of Roumania—all under the presidency and patronage of the Emperor of the French. Alexander John would naturally have been delighted to find himself in the company of real Sovereigns (of the Latin race); but it seems that, after all, he has not been invited. The King of Spain is now in Paris (unless he should happen to have already left the capital for Châlons or elsewhere); but so little does it suit him to meet his Latin cousin from Italy, that the visit of Prince Humbert has been purposely postponed until the Spanish Sovereign—who neither governs nor even reigns—shall have taken his departure. A friendly gathering of Latin Sovereigns at Paris, after the failure of the proposal for a general political congress, would have been a very gratifying event for the French Emperor; but it was not found possible to bring it about. Alexander John will feel annoyed, but Napoleon III. may well console himself by reflecting that in spite of "the affair of the thirteen" the recent fêtes on the occasion of his namesday have passed off in a manner that can leave no doubt as to his immense popularity with the mass of the Parisian population. So many private illuminations have not been seen in Paris on any previous Napoleon's Day since the establishment of the second empire; and the mobs of pleasure-hunters, to whom an immodest ballad-singer at a café concert is a much more important personage than Jules Favre or Berryer, and who, as long as the Imperial fireworks are good, care not one jot for liberty of the subject or the right of free election, lost no opportunity of screaming out their approbation of the Emperor and of the capital entertainments that his Majesty had provided for them. Whether France is becoming of itself more and more demoralised, and therefore more fitted for a despotic régime, or whether it is the despotic régime that causes the demoralisation, one thing is certain, that the Imperial yoke is getting to fit the French neck most beautifully.

The King of Spain, whose more important half has just been engaged in suppressing an attempt at insurrection in the capital of her dominions, will see nothing to shock his Bourbonist prejudices at Paris.

LORD PALMERSTON AT BRADFORD.

In our last week's Number we gave a pretty full account of the visit of the Prime Minister to Bradford. We now present our readers with an Engraving representing the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Exchange, to perform which ceremony was the occasion of the noble Lord's visit to Yorkshire. After the immediate business which had brought him to Bradford was accomplished, Lord Palmerston became the guest for a night of Mr. Titus Salt, at Saltaire, the inspection of which could not fail to give much pleasure, for perhaps there is not in Great Britain a factory better worth visiting. The town itself is entirely the property of Mr. Titus Salt; the residence of his workpeople and the tradesmen who supply their domestic wants is a model one; and the works themselves are perfection. A branch railway communicates with the main entrance to the factory; a canal forms the rear boundary, so that goods are delivered into and discharged from the building by truck or boat. The article manufactured by Mr. Salt and his sons is alpaca. The visitor is first conducted to a loft, where the newly-imported fleece of the animals is being hoisted up by crane; thence to a room where thousands of the woolly hides are stored, and successively through the various floors where the raw material is being converted into the manufactured article, until, finally, you see it being packed in bales and sent out to the wholesale houses. One spinning-room in this factory covers two acres; and in this great apartment there is not a partition wall. The work-women and girls are as numerous as bees in a hive; and the clatter of the machinery is something indescribable, but not at all unpleasant to the ear. All the machinery is of the newest and most approved description; and the building, inside and out, is as clean as a lighthouse. The walls and pillars are all painted, and there is not a pound-weight of dirt in the whole concern. The church built by Mr. Salt within the factory grounds is magnificent; and no parish in England possesses finer schools than those which he has provided for the children of his work-people.

EIGHT MILLION POUNDS OF LEAF TOBACCO have been destroyed by fire at Manila.

THE TRADE OF THE COUNTRY.—The Board of Trade returns for the month and six months ending June 30 have just been issued, and they are again extremely favourable. The declared value of the exports for the month was £13,978,526 against £11,271,527 in June, 1863, and £9,769,441 in June, 1861. For the six months the exports amounted in value to the enormous sum of £78,047,586, while for the corresponding period in 1863 they were £62,014,197, and in 1862 they were only £57,314,673. The imports of bullion in the six months were £14,680,125, and the exports £12,737,516.

WAGER ON THE WAR.—About ten months ago two gentlemen of San Francisco laid a wager by which one of the parties was bound to the following conditions:—If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within thirty days from that date, he was to give his opponent a single sound, eatable apple; if Richmond held out sixty days, he was to give him two apples, and so on, doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—to the end of time, if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the first apple was handed over, and the list of apples delivered at the end of the successive months is as follows:—1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256—total, 511. Thus far it is all a good joke, and the loser has paid forfeits regularly, with a good grace; but yesterday it ruined a 10-dollar piece to meet the demand: apples are 15c. to 20c. per lb., and it took a 50lb. box. Should Richmond be taken within the present month, he would get back all the apples he has lost, and one more, which would make him more than even; but should it hold out a year longer, and he continue to pay his losses, his last payment would cost him 40,960 dols., and he would be 81,900 dols. out; in three months more he would be out 686,340 dols.; and should the war last from this date as much longer as it has already lasted since its commencement, no nation on earth could meet the terms of the wager, even allowing it to be reduced to a cash basis.—*Alta California*.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The fête of St. Napoleon was celebrated at Paris on Monday with unwonted brilliancy and an amount of success that must be highly gratifying to the official gentlemen with whom the management rested. True, the Parisians themselves seemed to manifest little interest in these rejoicings-to-order, and all who could rushed elsewhere to escape the noise and excitement. But in their place there were thousands of wandering foreigners, amongst whom our own countrymen formed the great majority, who at this holiday season are roaming over the Continent, and for whom a display of fireworks and an illumination such as they conduct these things in France prove overpowering attractions. Paris has consequently been completely Anglicised, and groups of people of the veritable John Bull stamp were to be seen lounging through its streets agog and agape for sightseeing. When, therefore, the Emperor drove down the avenue of the Champs Elysees in the afternoon, there could be no mistaking the throats whence the loud cheers proceeded with which he was greeted on his way. The warmth of the reception accorded him by his English admirers is said to have strikingly contrasted with the coolness that marked his passage among his own subjects. There were the usual presentations at the Tuileries, but the speeches made on the occasion were not sensational. At night the illuminations drew an enormous concourse of people into the streets.

PRUSSIA.

A Royal decree has been published ordering the disbandment of the following troops:—All the unmobilised infantry of the class entitled to furlough above the number required upon a peace footing, the unmobilised artillery companies called into service from fortresses, and the regiments of Landwehr serving with mobilised troops. Those only of the latter are to be entitled to discharge who do not wish to remain with their colours. Similar orders have been issued with regard to troops of the same category serving in the reserve.

POLAND.

Of three Poles, members of the National party, condemned by military tribunal, and on evidence of a kind to satisfy such a court, one has just been hanged at Warsaw, and the other two had their sentence of death commuted, under the gallows, to one of twenty years' hard labour. Six others have been sent to the mines for periods varying from twelve to fifteen years. The crime of which these men were convicted was an attempt on the life of General Berg, Commandant at Warsaw.

TURKEY.

Advices received from Constantinople to the 3rd inst. state that, in consequence of the united protests of the American and English Ambassadors, the Porte had authorised the continuance of religious controversy in Protestant books, provided, however, that the Koran was not insulted. The Turkish chiefs who had become converts were to be confined at Karpouth.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

King Christian of Denmark has issued a proclamation to his army explaining the causes which forced him to conclude a peace. He admits the heavy sacrifices imposed on the country to secure that peace. He declares himself well aware that the army was ready to renew the struggle, but the final result did not depend on Denmark, and during the contest a considerable part of the country which is in the power of the enemy would have had to support an oppression which would have led to its ruin. Therefore, he felt obliged to put an end to the war even by giving up a part of the territory which from time immemorial had belonged to Denmark. All his hopes of assistance, he declares, have been deceived, and the superiority of the enemy has therefore given them the victory.

The idea of a Scandinavian union is once more talked about and is exciting some attention in Copenhagen; but it is said that the party which most warmly promotes it is neither numerically nor politically an influential one.

The spoliation of Denmark is scarcely an accomplished fact ere the parties to the transaction are quarrelling over the plunder. Saxony, it is announced, intends calling upon the German Diet to demand an explanation from Austria and Prussia for permitting the Danish King to cede to them rights to which he himself was not entitled. We shall not be surprised if in this case, as in others, retribution follow swiftly on the heels of successful wrongdoing and injustice. In the meantime the Prussians are carrying matters with rather a high hand in Jutland, where, notwithstanding the armistice, and the fact that Denmark and Germany are on the eve of concluding a definitive treaty of peace, they have prohibited the export of horses, cattle, and every description of provisions. They are also taking steps to convert the harbour of Kiel into a station for what at present may be termed their embryo navy. Two corvettes and a division of gun-boats have been ordered there, and two officers of high rank in the Ministry of Marine have been engaged in an inspection of the port.

The apprehension that Herr von Scheele Plessen, who has been sent for by the King of Prussia, is likely to be appointed Provisional Administrator of Schleswig and Holstein, causes great uneasiness in the duchies and among the Liberal Germans. This gentleman is a Danish subject, has always distinguished himself as a partisan of Denmark in the duchies, and is determinedly opposed to the Liberal institutions of 1848.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DISASTROUS DEFEAT OF GRANT AT PETERSBURG.

WE have intelligence from New York to the 6th inst. The news from the army of the Potomac is of an important character. Another attack upon the defences of Petersburg has resulted in disaster to the Federal arms. General Grant's supposed change of base to the north of the James River at Deep Bottom was but a *ruse de guerre*. It does not appear, however, to have answered its purpose. The Confederates provided for the danger that might have been incurred had the movement been genuine, but they left no weak point elsewhere in consequence of their vigilance at this. On the 28th of June, under the superintendence of Colonel Pleasant, an experienced Pennsylvania mining engineer, the Federals commenced to undermine a fort mounting six guns, considered the key to the first line of the Confederate works. By July 28 the work was successfully accomplished. The tunnel leading to the mine was 500 ft. in length, 4 ft. wide at the bottom, and 2 ft. at top, its height being 5½ ft. Six tons of powder were deposited in the mine. All co-operative arrangements being effected, early on the morning of the 30th of July the mine was exploded with tremendous effect. An immense column of dirt, timber, and other debris was thrown to a height of 300 ft. The fort was utterly demolished, and the garrison, composed of South Carolina troops, all either killed or wounded. Immediately after the explosion the Federal artillery opened a furious fire, under cover of which the Federals charged and captured nearly the entire first line of the Confederate intrenchments. The coloured troops of Burnside's corps were then advanced in two columns to sustain the assaulting force and carry the inner works. The negroes at first advanced in good order, but, being furiously charged upon by the Confederates, they finally gave way and fled in confusion to the rear. The Confederates now bore down upon the white troops, forcing them back and inflicting upon them severe loss. General Bartlett and Staff, and 1200 or 1400 Federals, were made prisoners. The officers of the coloured troops suffered severely while endeavouring to rally their men. The slaughter of the negroes is said to have been fearful. The entire Federal force finally retreated under a severe fire of grape and canister back to their own lines. The Federal losses are officially estimated at from 4000 to 6000, but other statements make the number as high as 10,000. During the charge immediately following the explosion of the mine the Federals are reported to have captured 400 prisoners. The Confederate troops

engaged were mostly South Carolinians, under the immediate command of Beauregard.

The New York correspondent of the *Times*, in reference to the battle, says:—

The Confederates, startled by the explosion, were not paralysed. Though Grant opened upon them with a discharge of all the artillery along his line, General Beauregard was at his post, undaunted, ready, and alert, and did such murderous execution upon the advancing columns of the Federals, mowing them down from the front and from both sides with a continuous discharge of shot and shell that no mortal troops could hold their own against it. The white combatants of the second, the fifteenth, and eighteenth divisions fought valiantly, as long as a hope remained, to carry the inner lines at the point of the bayonet; and just at the critical moment the coloured division under Brigadier-General White was ordered to their support. The sight of these auxiliaries seemed to inspire the Confederates with redoubled fury, and such a fire was opened upon them as decided the contest in a few minutes. The poor negroes fell literally by hundreds at every discharge. Their officers were killed off. They had none left to order them what to do or to animate their failing courage by a word of cheer or of command. They turned and fled, helter-skelter, and the day was lost. The Black Brigade of the army of the Potomac virtually ceased to exist. The killed, the wounded, and the prisoners amounted to between 4000 and 5000. The white regiments which bore the first brunt of the advance suffered as severely; so that, according to the best estimate that can be formed out of the conflicting reports from the field, it seems no exaggeration to say that this abortive attempt of General Grant to thunder his way into Petersburg must have cost him 8000 if not 10,000 men.

On the day following the battle General Grant went to Fortress Monroe and had a protracted consultation with President Lincoln. What passed at the interview is not known; but rumours were rife that Grant's army was to be withdrawn from its present position and brought north for the defence of Washington. Latest advices, which are up to nine p.m. on the 31st, state that hostilities had not been renewed. Grant had asked a truce to bury the dead. This the Confederates at first refused; but a truce was finally agreed upon, and the dead were being buried and the wounded lying between the two lines cared for. The Confederates refused to exchange newspapers, and had suspended all communication between the pickets. This was thought to indicate that Lee was executing some important movement and was guarding against the possibility of detection. Cars were heard running all night on the 30th, and it was rumoured that Lee was throwing forward heavy reinforcements either to Early or Hood. Prisoners report that Lee had for some time past been undermining the Federal works. No Confederate accounts of the battle on the 30th had been received. An official investigation of the Federal disaster before that city has been ordered.

Reports were current that Grant had arrived at Washington. A portion of his troops had entered Maryland. The Government had prohibited the publication of all war news.

THE NEW CONFEDERATE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

The new Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania and Maryland seems to be enveloped in mystery. It is not known definitely to the public where or in what force the invaders are. They are variously estimated at from 10,000 to 40,000, with still further reinforcements constantly arriving. A Harrisburg despatch reports them moving to Bedford county; another despatch represents them to be marching against Hancock; another report is that they have entirely evacuated Pennsylvania, and are only in small force in Maryland; while Governor Curtin, in a proclamation of the 5th inst., calls for 30,000 volunteers to resist the invasion of Pennsylvania by the Confederates, whom he announces to have again crossed the Potomac in force and occupied Hagerstown, Maryland. Nothing positive is known, but the general belief is that the main body of the Confederates is still between Winchester and Martinsburg, in the Shenandoah Valley, and that small bodies of cavalry are still operating in Pennsylvania. A portion of Chambersburg had been destroyed by the raiders. It is stated that a force of from 250 to 500 men under M'Causland entered the town on the afternoon of the 30th ult., and, after an unsuccessful attempt to levy a contribution on the inhabitants of 500,000 dols., fired the town in several places, after informing the people that the town would be destroyed in retaliation for outrages perpetrated in the Shenandoah Valley by the forces of Hunter. The Federal forces under General Averill came up during the conflagration, but, being unable to subdue the flames, started at once in pursuit of the raiders, who had fled upon Averill's approach. It was reported that Averill overtook and routed them at M'Connellsburg. About 250 houses and public buildings were destroyed at Chambersburg, involving a loss of several millions of dollars, and causing great suffering among the inhabitants.

A Confederate officer who deserted General Early's army had reported that the cavalry force operating in the valley up the river numbers 8000, under Generals Johnson and M'Causland. Early said he was determined to hold the valley at all hazards, and had a force of from 35,000 to 40,000, who are engaged thrashing wheat. He takes every bushel, besides a tax for labour performed.

THE ARMIES BEFORE ATLANTA.

Latest advices from General Sherman's army report that on the 27th ult. General Hood made another attack upon Sherman's entrenched position, but was repulsed with a loss of nearly 1000 in killed, the Federal loss being a little over 600 in killed and wounded. Confederate accounts state that on the night of the 24th of July General Sherman attempted to break Hood's lines, but was repulsed by General Cheatham after a sharp fight, lasting an hour. General Hood had issued an address to his troops, telling them that their safety in time of battle consisted in getting into close quarters with their enemy; that, if the Federals were allowed to continue their flanking movements, the Confederate cause would be imperilled, but that recent operations had proved that his soldiers had the power to prevent it. The Federal cavalry under Stoneman were said to have cut the railroad communication between Macon and Atlanta; but General Hood reports that Stoneman had been captured, with 500 of his men. A division of Sherman's cavalry, under General M'Cook, while returning from a raid to the rear of Atlanta on the 27th ult., was reported to have been attacked and routed by the Confederates under General Ransom. Out of 3200 of M'Cook's men, only 500 had reported at Marietta; the remainder were believed to have been either killed or captured.

GENERAL NEWS.

It was stated that Farragut's fleet had passed the forts at Mobile, and was preparing to attack the city.

Senators Wade, Henry, and Winter, and Mr. Davis, the chairman of the committee on the rebellious States, had issued a report charging President Lincoln with usurpation of power and a design to secure his re-election by unfair means.

It was reported that General Hooker will be assigned a new command, embracing the Upper Potomac, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR THE CARE OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR.

THE International Congress for the Care of the Wounded in Time of War met at Geneva on the 9th inst., under the presidency of General Dufour. It unfortunately happens, however, that Switzerland and France are the only Powers who have furnished their representatives with the necessary instructions to enable them to take part in the deliberations. M. Chevalier, the French Chargé d'Affaires, therefore, proposed to leave the protocol open, so as to admit the admission of such representatives as might subsequently put in an appearance, and the proposition was carried.

The following is the draught of the convention proposed by the committee of the Congress for general adoption:—

The undersigned Plenipotentiaries assembled in congress at Geneva have adopted the following arrangements to be observed in case of hostilities breaking out between their respective countries:—

1. Ambulances and military hospitals shall be recognised as neutral, and, as such, protected and respected by the belligerents, as long as they shall contain sick or wounded.
2. All the sanitary staff—including physicians and surgeons, apothecaries, attendants, officials, and, generally, all persons attached to the service of hospitals and ambulances—shall be considered neutralised.
3. The above-mentioned persons shall be permitted, even after occupation by the enemy, to continue to fulfil their duties in the hospital or ambulance.

to which they are attached as long as shall be necessary, after which they shall be allowed to depart without being in any way hindered or inconvenienced. 4. These persons, however, shall not be permitted to remove any articles but those which are their own private property. All materials employed in the arrangement of the ambulance or the hospital will remain subject to the rights of war.

5. The inhabitants of the country who may be employed in the transport of the wounded or in bringing their assistance upon the field of battle shall be equally respected and remain entirely free.

6. Soldiers badly wounded, whether already received into ambulances and hospitals, or whether picked up upon the field, shall not only have their wants attended to, irrespective of their nationality, but shall also not be made prisoners. They may return to their homes upon condition of not again taking up arms during the course of the campaign.

7. A safe conduct, and, if necessary, the costs of the route, shall be handed to soldiers mentioned in the preceding article, when, after cure, they leave the place where they have been nursed.

8. Articles requisite for the sick and the persons attached to the ambulance shall be supplied by the army in occupation, which shall be subsequently repaid the outlay shown to have been incurred by receipts furnished for the purpose.

9. A distinctive and uniform armlet shall be adopted by the sanitary officials and staff of all armies. An identical flag shall also be employed in all countries to distinguish ambulances and military hospitals. The armlet and flag shall be those agreed upon by the International Conference which met at Geneva in 1863 (a red cross upon a white ground).

10. Those persons who, without being entitled to wear the armlet, shall adopt it to enable them to act as spies, shall be punished with the full rigour of military law.

11. Similar stipulations to the preceding relative to naval warfare shall form the object of a further convention between interested Powers.

RUSSIAN FINANCE.

THE financial estimates of Russia for the present year are remarked on by the *Paris Patrie* in the following terms:—

The Russian Budget for 1864 shows a deficit of more than 46,000,000 roubles (134,000,000 francs). The extraordinary military expenses caused by the insurrection in Poland amount to a sum altogether inferior to that deficiency, which they do not alone suffice to explain, and which may be still further increased by diminutions in the receipts or by additional, supplementary, or extraordinary credits. The calculations made by the Minister of Finance for the purpose of extenuating this situation cannot easily be controlled. Under any circumstances, the administrative, political, and social transformations which Russia is present undergoing, adding to the uncertainty of all financial provisions, are of a nature to produce serious and disastrous deceptions. The principal revenue of the empire consists in the tax on potable liquors, and on the increase of the produce of that tax it is that the Minister most relies for an augmentation of receipts. He calculates that improvement at 20,000,000 roubles above the budgetary estimate of 1863. Those provisions may be contradicted by facts; for, on the one hand, the increase of the tax on spirits is to give to the Treasury a larger part in the selling price of strong liquors, on the other hand the supposition is that by raising the price the consumption will be diminished. The hope of seeing the customs' revenue increase will doubtless be incompletely realised; the arrivals of merchandise are this year much less considerable than in 1863, and goods have been even re-exported to those that had remained in the Customs' warehouses without being cleared. To those general observations may be added the fact that the budget of receipts, which amounts to 401,049,789 roubles, does not represent the whole of the charges borne by the taxpayers. In addition to a very large quantity of payments in kind, there are to be seen, for instance, in Art. 28 of this Budget, a subvention to the Treasury, amounting to 21,535,517 roubles, for territorial, urban, and other royalties. Although they do not figure in the State Budget, they do not the less increase the amount of taxation. The same may be said of other receipts which cannot have the character of ordinary revenues, such as those which arise from the sale of State lands, recovery of money lent, &c. In examining the budget of expenses the most striking feature is the immense development of those for military purposes. The Minister of War, in his ordinary and extraordinary budget, disposes of 162,345,399 roubles, and his colleague of the Marine of 26,582,618. There may be also placed in the same category of expenses—that is to say, in those of the Departments of War and Marine—a sum of more than 13,000,000 roubles, which are inserted in the special budgets of those Ministries, under the head of extraordinary expenses—organisation of cannon foundries, administration of trans-Caucasia, supplies of provisions, gunpowder, forage, &c. In this manner all those sums total give, as expenses chargeable to the Ministries of War and Marine, a total sum of more 192,000,000 roubles, which is nearly equal to one half the total charge of the State."

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Victoria, British Columbia, on the 21st of June, gives the following account of the present state and prospects of gold-mining in that region:—

I am glad to say that the intelligence which I have to communicate is the most satisfactory you have had from these colonies. Early in 1862 accounts were published in the London papers of successes in gold-mining in Cariboo and other parts of British Columbia, which raised considerable excitement, and caused a tide of immigration to set into these colonies from England and Canada. Many of those whose imaginations had been fired by the narratives of "great strikes" and rapidly-accumulated fortunes found to their cost that they were unfitted for the hardships of the life of a Cariboo miner, and that the peculiar formation of the country made it impossible to support a large miscellaneous population in that barren region until the means of communication were more developed. I remind your readers of the disappointments which many enthusiastic men have had to bear, because I have no wish to excite another inconsiderate rush to these mines. Though hundreds who returned, broken in purse and spirits, wrote to their friends that the ground was all taken up in 1862, the area over which the richest claims extend is enormously increased since then. During the last autumn and winter some smaller creeks, which are tributaries of the well-known William Creek, have been thoroughly prospected and discovered to be equally rich with the old ground. The miners have also gradually worked their way down the narrow valley which was the scene of their early labours, and found that as it debouches into the comparatively wide and open plain between the Canyon and the Willow River there is no failure in the richness of the pay dirt. The depth of superincumbent earth, and, consequently, the difficulty of sinking to the rock or "bed" of the ancient channel is, however, very much increased. In former seasons it has been July before much work has been done; and in the days of high-priced provisions there has often been considerable privation and suffering, even among hardened and experienced men, before employment could be obtained. This season has been unusually early, and the first returns have, in consequence, reached Victoria fully six weeks earlier than they did last year. Further, the amount received is much greater, though a large body in the creeks have not yet commenced operations, owing to the freshest caused by the melting of the snow on the adjacent mountains interfering with the working of the mines. With improved machinery and more powerful pumps this delay will be obviated; but as yet they have to wait patiently for the waters to subside.

One week's receipts from the upper country, taken from a few claims, has reached the magnificent sum of 200,000 dollars, or £40,000. These are the corrected figures of the value of gold (in dust) alone, as I have carefully eliminated from the reports furnished me by the banks and express companies the amount of coin and notes received at the same time; for, however interesting the latter may be to our mercantile houses, they have no interest for the English public. The claim which is taking the lead this summer is called, after the inventor of calorific engines and turreted monitors, Ericsson. This mine was favourably known last autumn as having fair prospects, but attracted no particular attention until recently. From the day they began work this year, however, it has steadily improved, and it has now distanced all competitors, and, with the exception of one day's yield in one claim last year, has surpassed anything yet done in British Columbia. The results of the early "washings up," which generally take place after each three or four days' work, ranged from .50 to 200 ounces. On May 30 the fortunate proprietors cleaned up 428 oz. On June 4, they had improved to 1000 oz., and their next washing, which is the latest of which it is possible we could have any intelligence, was at the same rate for the quantity of dirt raised. The mine is the property of eleven persons, two of whom are residents in this city and have never seen it. The much-coveted prize, "the Ericsson," is situated at the mouth of Conklin Gulch—that is one of the newly worked tributaries to which I have alluded—and is a short distance above the pioneer's town, Richfield. This company—rolling in wealth as all its proprietors are likely to be before this reaches you—was deeply indebted to the merchants for stores at the beginning of the season; but before they had obtained the 1000 ounces they had paid off all their debts and divided 1000 dollars to the share. That your readers may clearly understand what this mine is doing I will state the case more explicitly. From May 26 to June 9 they took out in three washings up 2323 ounces of gold, which at the current price on the creek was worth 37,248 dollars, or in round figures, £7400. The expenses during that time, working night and day, Sundays excepted, with three shifts or changes of men, amounted to a little under 2000 dollars, or £400. The handsome net sum of £7000 had to be divided into eleven parts, and the bonus on a fortnight's work was £636 to each full share. In settling you this statement I have given you the actual facts; the current rumours about the yield of this mine are double what I have stated. It is boldly asserted that the yield has averaged for some days 10,000 dollars, or £2000; but that is one of those mischievous exaggerations to which well-meaning people sometimes lend themselves.

A number of other mines are paying very handsomely; the "Wake-up Take," the recently displaced favourite, in the latter part of May was yield-

ing 80 oz. or 1280 dollars per day. The lead of rich pay dirt was lost for a short time, but at the beginning of the present month the drifters found it again, and at the last advices were obtaining over 1000 oz. or 16000 dollars per day, being nearly the same amount as the Ericsson made in the last four days of May. The "Never-Sweet" Company is another of last year's favourites, and, after losing one shaft late in the fall, has just completed another, and it is now yielding as well as ever. The weight of an average "washing-up," so far has been 1200 oz., which, turned into dollars at the creek price, give 19200 dollars for about four days' work. At least a dozen other claims on William Creek are paying from 500 dollars to 1000 dollars a day. Their names are the Prince of Wales, Caledonia, the Rankin, Elliott, Baby, Tucker, and others. The new leads in the McArthur Gulch, Conklin Gulch, Sawmill Gulch, McCullum Gulch, French Creek, and Canadian are most of them proved to be as rich as that old lead in the upper part of William Creek which made Cariboo famous three years ago.

This is the first season that any iron machinery has been erected upon the creek. There are now three very powerful metal pumps and a steam engine, in addition to the almost countless first-class waterwheels and wooden pumps which have enlivened it the last two years. There is another novel feature in our mining this year—the construction of bed-rock flumes. These are undertakings of a most expensive nature; but, when once completed, are likely to be in themselves amply remunerative, from the gold which will be saved in them, as well as to benefit the mines in the district through which they run, by relieving them of the greatest difficulty they have to contend with—water in the shafts and tunnels. These are generally constructed by joint-stock companies. The principal creeks which are being worked by bed-rock flumes are William Creek, Antler Creek, Grouse Creek, Goose Creek. William Creek flume has been carried through by the companies interested in the drainage, and will be completed in a month. The quantity of gold carried off from the sluices in the "tailings," and which will be found deposited in this large wooden tunnel, will pay a steady dividend on the capital invested. The chief feature, however, will be tapping the openings at the level of the bed rock on which the gold is found. The difficulty of William Creek has been too much water below at all times, and sometimes too much and sometimes too little on the surface. In Antler most of the ground is deserted by private companies, and the flume company are entitled to work a hundred feet on each side of their flume, the whole distance. The wealth in this creek is not so great as in William, and the lead is too irregular for ordinary mining to pay at present; but the soil is rich enough to pay handsomely when washed by hydraulic power into the great flume. The other creeks will be treated in the same way; and it is expected that these great fluming companies will work a revolution in mining in all the second-rate ground, besides materially lessening the expense of working the richest. The general prospects of British Columbia, taking into account the cheapness of provisions, the use of machinery, the general adoption of bed-rock flumes, and investment of capital in joint-stock undertakings, are most favourable. I expect that, when the annual returns of the exports through the banking companies are made up next Christmas, I shall have the pleasure of informing you that the yield of 1864 has exceeded that of the years 1862 and 1863 added together, greatly as 1863 exceeded 1861 and 1862.

RIOTS IN BELFAST.

BELFAST has again been the scene of disgraceful sectarian riots. The disturbances were begun by the Orangemen on the evening of Monday week, when an effigy of O'Connell was carried through the town and then burnt. A nursery was subsequently attacked, and windows of the houses of Roman Catholic clergymen and residents smashed. At first the Catholics kept quiet, but at last retaliated by an attack on Dr. Cooke's chapel, and scenes of furious rioting ensued. The military had to be called out as well as strong bodies of police from Dublin. As usual in such cases, the accounts of the riots greatly vary, according to the leanings of those who supply them. The correspondent of one daily contemporary gives the following details as to the commencement and progress of the disturbances last week:—

Belfast riots are simply unintelligible outside the town. In other places it is easy to trace the cause of local disturbances, and to provide against their recurrence. Here, however, it is different. They burst forth where least expected. They have their origin sometimes in the veriest trifles, and they increase and multiply by the sheer force of the innate wickedness at work in them. The Orange lodges are the great hotbeds of disorder, and it is the system adopted in these secret cabals that enables the promoters of the riots to act with such mysterious expertness. At a given time the preconcerted signal makes its appearance, and the brethren act with the promptitude of one man. No one outside the privileged circle knows what the next hour is to bring forth, and when the storm bursts the authorities are paralysed, the town unprotected, and life and property endangered before a strong arm can be put forth to stay the destructive tumult. Not, indeed, that the present disturbances took the town much by surprise. There were ominous signs of their outbreak. The O'Connell monument was made the pretext for an external and internal activity in the lodges that foreboded nothing good. On Aug. 8 the lodges turned out, according to their organ, the *News Letter*, to the tune of 40,000 men. They had an effigy of O'Connell in their midst, and, when the train bearing the excursionists who had gone to Dublin to honour the tribute entered the station, they set fire to the rude image, and, amid howlings and execrations, reduced it to cinders. On the following night the "40,000" assembled in the same spot, and proceeded to enact a different and more disgusting scene. They carried a large coffin of rude structure, in which they placed the ashes of the effigy consumed on the previous night. Many of them bore in their hands crosses and other sacred devices, at which they scoffed and jeered, and, having formed into rank, they proceeded along the most public thoroughfares to the Catholic cemetery, where they proposed burying the coffin and its contents. Denied admission to the ground by the sexton, who fortunately had the gates closed and locked, they wreaked their vengeance on his house; and, after heaping indignities on the graves and tombstones which their missiles could reach, they returned to their quarters in the order in which they had left them. Here they found a filthy sink, and, with several rounds of horrid yells, they flung coffins and crosses into it. All this was done with perfect impunity. The Catholics remained passive under the insult; and it was fondly hoped that the Orangemen, satisfied with what they had done, would rest content with their uninterrupted and unpunished displays. Not so, however. On Wednesday night the disturbances assumed a truly formidable appearance. Emboldened by the success of their achievements, the Orangemen resolved on bolder exploits. They sallied forth from the quarter of the town in which they reside—Sandy-row—and made an invasion of the district inhabited by the lower classes of Roman Catholics. The denizens of the Pound Loanin (the Catholic quarter) received them with a whoop and an onslaught. Stones and brickbats were exchanged; men and women mingled in the mêlée, and the Orangemen were beaten back over neutral ground into their own region. Across a narrow street, dividing the two hostile camps, the combatants glared at each other, now and then exchanging defiant shouts, and sometimes showers of stones. Occasionally the boldest of the contending parties make a dash on the opposite ranks, and, after giving and receiving some hard knocks, retired to the protection of their houses and friends. Meanwhile the police were hurried to the scene of action, and as soon as they appeared the crowds dispersed, only to collect again at some equally convenient spot. This is the general character of the fighting, varied occasionally by random shots from harmless guns and rusty pistols. But there is another feature of the rioting that has yet to be described. When evening sets in, a wild and reckless body of half-naked scamps sally forth from their respective quarters and commence an onslaught on the windows of all who are obnoxious to them. The Orangemen assail the houses of Catholics. The Catholic mob retaliate on the houses of Protestants. In this senseless raid the places of religious worship are singled out with remarkable fury, and the churches of each sect receive equal attention. Imagine these scenes repeated each night, and you can form a notion of the present state of things in the Athens of Ireland.

In this, as in all similar cases, it is the innocent that are the real sufferers. Not only is the property of respectable men destroyed, but the lives of nonoffending people are imperilled. The Orangemen were on this occasion particularly ferocious and truculent. They lay in wait for the Catholic mill-girls going to their work in the early morning, and most savagely ill-use them. I am afraid to write what has come under my own knowledge relative to these barbarities, for it would hardly be believed. Englishmen will scarcely credit it, yet it is a melancholy fact that mobs, numbering each a hundred boys and men, set upon poor helpless girls—throw them down, beat them, kicked them, dragged them by the hair, and carried away portions of their clothing. The houses in several of the streets wear a most rueful aspect. The windows are shattered into fragments, the broken glass is strewn on the pavements and streets, and side by side with these debris lie the rough stones and bats with which the ruin was accomplished. There is hardly an intact plate of glass in the Roman Catholic Penitentiary, which is under the care of nuns belonging to the order of the Sisters of Mercy. The dwelling of the Roman Catholic (Coadjutor) Bishop, Dr. Dorrhan, presents quite a dilapidated appearance. The Presbyterian meeting-house, in which Dr. Cooke ministers, is thoroughly ventilated, and even some of the large warehouses have not escaped the danger which befall more obnoxious buildings. Add to all this scores of broken heads and mutilated limbs, dozens of prisoners in the Bridewell, and hundreds of idle scamps shrieking and howling in the alleys and by-roads, and you can form some idea of the condition of things which has eventuated from the riots.

Another correspondent, writing on Tuesday, says:—

The town was quiet during the time of Divine service on Sunday, and throughout the evening and night the tranquillity was unbroken save by an occasional issuing of the "Pound" faction from their quarter to test the strength of the forces opposed to them. But the magistrates had placed the police at their disposal so judiciously that they were met and turned back at

every point, and no serious affrays occurred. Any respectable-looking person, however, who had the misfortune to fall into their hands was very roughly treated. It was hoped that the town would resume its wonted aspect on Monday morning, when the workers would go to the mills; but, unfortunately, it was a great Roman Catholic holiday, and the workers of that persuasion had the excuse of religion as well as party feeling for remaining idle. About five o'clock in the morning several Protestant boys and girls, in attempting to pass through Cullinstree-road and the Pound on their way to their work, were beaten or threatened if they did not return. When they returned their friends adopted a similar course to the mill-workers from the Pound who tried to pass over the Boyne Bridge. The consequence was that several hundred boys and girls were unable to attend work, and several mills were almost if not altogether stopped. There was some little disorder when the mill-workers were going to and from breakfast, but nothing serious. A new element of disorder now helped to swell the tumult. About 500 navvies working at the docks struck work for the day and joined with the Pound mob for the avowed purpose of wrecking the Brown-square and Sandy-row district. After, it is said, attending mass at St. Malachi's Chapel, they marched in an immense crowd, armed with sticks, bludgeons, and paving-stones, followed by crowds of ferocious women, carrying stones, through several of the most respectable streets of the town, shouting and yelling, to the alarm of those who were following their more peaceful pursuits. Passing through High-street, they proceeded along Bridge-street and North-street, the Protestant inhabitants putting up their shutters as quickly as possible, fearing for their windows. It was then evident that their destination, in the first place, was Brown-street and Brown-square, which, as the inhabitants were all absent at their work at the time, was utterly defenceless from the assaults of a ferocious and brutal mob. The windows of Trinity Church were smashed on their route, and on arriving at Brown-square they made it in a few minutes a complete wreck as far as windows and glass were concerned, and several of the inmates were hurt with the stones hurled through the glass. They then attacked the National Schools of that place, and, although they were full at the time of young children of both sexes and religions, these merciless ruffians hurled stones through the windows, scattered the terrified children in all directions, and considerably injured a number of them. It was stated that one was killed. At this time most of the police were reposing after the harassing fatigues of the previous days, and the mob had the town at their mercy for some time. The constabulary, however, soon turned out and encountered them valiantly, though assailed with volleys of missiles. They were obliged to make several bayonet charges, and succeeded by great exertions in preventing more deadly collisions between the rival factions, for by this time the Protestant party had assembled, and were only too eager to engage their foes. The navvies rushed down Pound-street, into the Pound Loanin, and, by a flank movement, attempted to get into Albert-crescent, Stanley-street, and Durham-street, and thus to take their opponents in the rear. The moment, however, the heads of their masses appeared turning from the Loanin, around Fort McIlhousie, a force of the inhabitants turned out to oppose them, and manfully stood their ground, although inferior in numbers by several hundreds. A small force of eleven men, under constables Lawler and Dunne, fixed bayonets and stood between the hostile parties, exposed to the missiles of both, but fortunately only one or two were struck, and that not severely. They were obliged at last to retreat into a neighbouring barrack, the windows of which were soon shattered. The Crescent and surrounding streets were in a few minutes covered with an immense mob, yelling, shouting, and calling opprobrious names; stones and brickbats flew in all directions, and for upwards of twenty minutes the utmost confusion, disorder, and violence prevailed. Men and boys, women and young girls, mingled indiscriminately in the affray, which was, while it lasted, the most terrific and violent that has occurred in the town since the September riots of 1857. Additional reinforcements of constabulary, to the amount altogether of 500 men, were collected from various quarters, and by repeated bayonet charges succeeded at last in driving the Pound mob out of the district they had invaded. Two troops of hussars and about 250 infantry arrived to aid the civil forces about two p.m., and patrolled the streets during the afternoon.

On Tuesday the greatest excitement still prevailed. All business was suspended and the houses were closed. Several dreadful conflicts took place between the police and the mob. The police fired and wounded about thirty persons, two mortally, killing three. The navvies challenged the ship-carpenters to a pitched battle, and the latter broke into the gunsmiths' shops and armed themselves. Mobs armed with hatchets, knives, pistols, and pitchforks paraded the streets. The Catholics held a meeting, and appointed a deputation to go to Dublin and require Government to appoint commissioners to govern the town, as they had no confidence in the magistrates. A subscription for the purchase of firearms was also set on foot.

On Wednesday the town was still a prey to mob violence. The riots were renewed in the morning with lamentable consequences, great numbers having been maimed or injured with bludgeons, pitchforks, and gunshots. Five more men were taken to the hospital weltering in their blood; two are not likely to live. The hospitals are crowded with wounded, and the surgeons were busy all day performing amputations. Reinforcements were dispatched from Dublin almost hourly, and there are now upwards of 4000 soldiers in Belfast. Twelve thousand Protestant operatives marched armed through the town, but without doing violence, and merely as a deterrent exhibition of strength. Despite the efforts of the police and military, the Orange ship-carpenters and the Roman Catholic navvies had an encounter, which ended in the navvies being driven up to their necks in the mud of the river, where the Orangemen fired on them, wounding ten and killing one.

GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES.—In the Act passed last Session to grant additional facilities for the purchase of small Government annuities, and for assuring payments of money on death, it is recited that in the Act 16th and 17th Vict., cap. 45, deferred annuities of small amounts can only be granted upon the condition that the full amount required to purchase such annuities be paid in one sum or by annual payments during a course of years fixed at the time of purchase. It also recites that under the same Act contracts for payment of a sum of money on death cannot be entered into except on the condition that the party contracting for such payment on death at the time purchase a deferred annuity on his life. The law is now altered, and it is enacted that deferred annuities may be granted on the condition to be fixed at the time of purchase, and that the sum required to purchase the annuity be payable in smaller instalments and at shorter periods than before. By the former Act £30 was the limit of the annuities, but they may now extend to £50. The section requiring a deferred annuity to be purchased of the National Debt Commissioners is now repealed in part. No contract for a payment on death is to be entered into by or on behalf of any person under the age of sixteen or over sixty. Fresh tables are to be constructed, and until the tables made in pursuance of this Act can be legally acted on it is not to come into force so far as to enable any grant to be made of an insurance, or any grant of an annuity the consideration money for which is paid by instalments more frequent than annual instalments. By this Act it is provided that on a life policy, after the payments of the premiums for five years, a person on surrendering the same is not to receive less than one-third of the payments made, or may have granted to him a paid-up policy on such an immediate or deferred life annuity. Jurisdiction is given to the County Courts on the Commissioners of the National Debt refusing payment. Contracts may be assigned. The National Debt Commissioners are to regulate the payments by instalments, and they are at no time to be less in amount than 2s. The Postmaster-General, with the consent of the Treasury, may authorise his officers to receive money under this Act, and regulations may be made by the Post Office to carry out the provisions. The accounts under this Act are to be submitted to the Public Audit Commissioners.

THE BATTLE OF BAMIAN, IN CABOOL, CENTRAL ASIA.

FOR many years back the death of old Dost Mohammed has been looked forward to as the prelude to wars and intrigues in Cabool. These forecasts have not been mistaken. The rival claimants for the musnud of Cabool have been gathering together all the force and aid of their friends, and the result has been a bloody battle at Bamian, in which one of the parties has been "badly whipped." Whether this whipping is sufficiently bad to settle the point as to who is to reign, no one can tell—time only will reveal the truth; but, judging from the past in Oriental politics, it is not likely that the struggle is ended. As it is only a dynastic quarrel, the Indian Government, although on the watch, intend to take no part in it. Whosoever gains will be acknowledged as the ruler of Cabool. Bamian, the locality of the recent battle, although not much known to Europeans, is a place of great reputation, and is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful cities in Asia. Those who have been in the Crimea and seen the City of Caverns at Inkerman may be able to form some notion of this place; only Inkerman is a mere village of caverns in comparison to Bamian. Abul Fazel, in his day, estimated the caves at 12,000. It is a place of great antiquity. According to the Hindoos, it was the five Pandoo brothers who made these vast works; but this paternity only shows that they are so old that nothing is known about them. To these brothers is ascribed every ancient work which history has forgotten the origin



THE BATTLE OF BAMIAN, IN CABOOL, CENTRAL ASIA.

of. The main feature of the locality is two colossal statues about 100 ft. high. They stand in niches in the scarped face of the rock. They must have seemed strange spectators looking down on this sanguinary battle. It could scarcely be called superstition if those who were engaged in that strife looked up to these vast figures as the Greeks, in the Siege of Troy, did to their gods, and felt that they were commanding the destinies of the day. In fact, it would be all but impossible for human nature to avoid feeling, under such circumstances, a fear and dread, and the Mohammedans (the Afghans are nearly all Mohammedan), although abominating idols, have a belief that these two figures are the same as two persons mentioned in the Koran, called Lat and Manat. From the position of Bamian, Alexander must have passed with his conquering force those two figures and the mysterious City of Caverns. Genghis Khan, it is known, did come to Bamian, and took the place; but that must refer to the ancient fortress defending the Holy Mountain, which is modern in comparison to the excavated city beneath. Those who make in their theory the Aryan race the source of all the others, point to this region as the original cradle of that people. Bamian may at least have been one of the cities of that ancient people; and, if it be as old as the time before which they began to spread over the earth, we may see in these rude caves the houses of our own remote ancestry. For all authorities are now agreed that we, as well as the other European nations, are of Aryan derivation. With this idea before us, the ancient city of Bamian has a much higher interest than that resulting from the late battle.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

ALL Paris is alive with the gaieties of the fête of the Emperor, who has already received the visit of one distinguished guest, and now entertains another, whose presence has, it is said, a more definite and easily understood object than that of the King of the Belgians. When Isabella II., by the will of her father, Ferdinand VII., and in accordance with the decree of the Cortes, succeeded to the crown of Spain, thereby superseding the old Salic law, which was abrogated in her behalf, Don Carlos, the male heir to the crown, refused to take the oath of allegiance. The result was a civil war, which, after seven years of bloodshed and devastation, was suppressed during the regency of the Queen Mother, who was herself compelled to resign in favour of Espartero, who was nominated Regent in her stead. This happened in 1840, and in 1843 the young Queen attained her majority. In 1846 she bestowed her hand upon her cousin, Don Francisco de Assis, son of the Infante Francisco, brother of Ferdinand VII., and who has thus become titular King. On the same day her sister, the Infanta Luisa, was married to Duke Antoine de Montpensier,



FRANCISCO, KING CONSORT OF SPAIN.

the fifth surviving son of Louis Philippe. Another Royal marriage is said to be one of the reasons for the visit of Francis, the King Consort of Spain, to the Emperor of the French; not a romantic alliance, but a staid, middle-aged marriage of convenience between the brother of the King, the Infante Don Enrique, and the daughter of Prince Murat, the parvenu horse-riding, brave, dashing, handsome General of the great Emperor; the son of the provincial innkeeper and ex-postilion, who dashed into the fight at the head of his men, leading the charge with no other weapon than a riding-whip; Murat, who lorded over the Spaniards whom he was sent to govern, and had the malcontents shot in the streets of Madrid. To this alliance it is believed the Queen of Spain has a violent antipathy, for she hates the name and memory of Murat as much as a true Castilian can; and an equal antipathy is said to animate Prince Napoleon, who detests the Bourbons, and especially the Spanish Bourbons, and was not present at the reception of the illustrious guest.

The illustrious guest, however, had something of a triumphal journey notwithstanding, deputations of the Basque provinces attending him on his progress through triumphal arches on the frontiers of Alava and Guipuzcoa, and a general cleaning, and decorating, and harmonising of congratulatory brass bands throughout his voyage.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

OUT FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

"It does not happen to everybody to go to Corinth," wrote the old classic poet. It is not every Englishman, even in these days of cheap and rapid locomotion, who can afford money, or even time, to visit the adjacent Continent. Those who have means and leisure may, during the vacation, travel far away from British shores, and encounter toil, weariness, and extortion, less for present enjoyment than for foundation of talk for the future. We can scarcely hold those less wise who journey for the sake of pure recreation, and contrive to make a pleasure even of the transit.

There is much to be seen, much to be admired, within a few hours' ride of London, to those who know how to travel. The Thames, flowing through the midst of our own metropolis, offers a broad and pleasant highway, of which the urban pollutions may be avoided by a short railway trip no further than Blackwall. Thence, for a sum almost nominal, the seeker of healthful recreation may ride along the waters to the Channel or the German Ocean; may view the lovely scenery of the Orwell (the Rhine of England), or face the rough, invigorating sea-swell around the North Foreland. If he object to the water, he can travel inland to spots full of beauty and of antiquarian interest. He may visit old battlefields of the Wars of the Roses, of the great Revolution; view, as at Chester, or York, the old walls from which our ancestors defended their border cities; climb over the ruins of castles, explore Gothic abbeys, and snatch wholesome breezes from mountains within a half-day's journey from Paddington. If he be a man easy to please, two or three hours may take him to Margate, with its bathing-machines by day, and its sadly-comic songs of the Sons of Momus by night. If his tastes be more refined, a sixpence will carry him thence to Ramsgate, where seaside hats are voted decidedly low towards the evening. If he wish to be fried and to have his eyelids filled with pulverised lime, he can go, still more cheaply, to Brighton, and find every provision made for the probable contingency of his not caring to remain there more than eight hours. If he be troubled with what are called incumbrances, and do not care to take his numerous infantile progeny into a crowded watering-place, Herne Bay and Southend offer every attraction. But it is not to Paterfamilias, not to the noisy "gent," not even to the "swell," that we desire to offer counsel. There are many among us, hard-workers by brain as well as by hand, by whom, even during the holiday season, an outing can only be snatched for two or three days at a time. Now, this limited time is to be economised, and of all dismal wastes of time there is none more depressing than a long journey by railway. Trust not to excursion-trains. A good ride down the river to Walton or Harwich, or a two hours' trip into Berkshire, will repay itself a hundredfold more than a rush to Paris, or even a hurried scamper to the Rhine, merely for the sake of saying that one has been there. An Englishman who makes such a boast, and is called upon to acknowledge that he has never seen Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Henley-on-Thames, Clifton, the Conway, and the Isle of Wight, simply ought to be ashamed of himself.

There is certainly one popular objection to travelling in England. It is that some of our hotels exact exorbitant charges. Upon this there is something to be said. It is by no means unfrequent for the Briton, when in his own country, to treat all who minister to his comfort with the most undisguised contempt and contumely. He grumbles at everything. He can "rough it" abroad well enough, because there he can seldom speak the language, whatever it may be, so fluently as to render himself so obnoxious as in his own island. Here he bullies the servants, treats the landlord like a serf, and finds fault with every meal. All this is, not unjustifiably, taken into account in making out his bill. A civil tongue, a complacent, cheerful disposition will procure him kindly attention, comforts, and, still better, friendly companionship and information, wherever he may happen to sojourn. With these he may confidently set out. Knapsack on back, upon the longest tramp, secure of a lift from the first farmer, or even squire, trotting along the dusty highroad. An intelligent, good-humoured face will be his best letter of introduction, his most certain ticket of welcome and claim upon hospitality. He will be informed as to every object of interest, every antiquarian memorial, every local story connected with his whole line of route. He need fear no imposition, no vexatious delays from Custom House officials, inspectors of passports, or fiercely obstructive frontier sentinels. Every mile that he travels will inspire in him increased love for his country and his countrymen, and add experience, information, and benevolence to his moral, as well

as health and strength to his physical organisation. Let the jaded and the wealthy seek to dissipate ennui by Continental travel, "Murray" in hand; but for true, honest, hearty enjoyment, give us a joyous companion and a sturdy tramp through the green lanes, the woods, and the villages, by the rippling streams, the flowery hedges, the waving meadows, and the happy homesteads of Old England.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN has presented Captain Coles with a bronze statuette of the Prince Consort as a souvenir of her late visit to the Royal Sovereign cupola-ship.

THE KING OF SPAIN arrived at St. Cloud at nine o'clock on Tuesday night. The Emperor awaited his Majesty at the entrance of the park. A grand reception afterwards took place.

LORD PALMERSTON has signified his intention of paying a visit to his constituents on the occasion of Tiverton races, which are appointed to take place on the 24th and 25th of the present month.

LORD BROUGHAM, it is rumoured, intends to publish his opinion on the Yelverton case, which he was unable to deliver.

THE FEDERAL CRUISER KEARSARGE sailed from Dover last week on her return to New York.

THE DANISH EMBASSY to the Court of St. James's is, it is said, to be done away with, on account of the diminished revenues of the Danish Government.

MR. WILLIAM DUNVILLE, of Belfast, has set aside £10,000, to be called the Sorrello Trust, for the benefit of the working classes of Belfast, as a memorial to a deceased sister.

A FINE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO DR. LUXMORE, formerly Dean of Gloucester, and subsequently Bishop of the sees of Bristol, Hereford, and St. Asaph, has just been erected in the east cloister of Gloucester Cathedral.

A SEAM OF MEERSCHAUM has been discovered in an old red sandstone quarry in Scotland, the first on record in such a rock.

THE WATER SUPPLY IN CORNWALL is not remembered to have been so short as at the present time for at least forty years.

MR. POGSON announces the discovery of another asteroid, the eightieth of the group, which he has named Sappho.

A DREADEFUL FIRE broke out on Monday evening at Limoges, and was only subdued on Tuesday. From 120 to 150 houses have been consumed. Measures have been taken for the sustenance and shelter of those who have suffered by the catastrophe.

THE WELSH GOLD-MINING COMPANY have fallen on a vein in which the blocks of quartz contain as much as three hundred ounces of gold to the ton of quartz.

A BRONZE COLUMN, to be constructed out of molten guns captured from the Danes, is to be erected in front of the Hotel des Invalides at Berlin, by order of his Prussian Majesty.

SPECULATION is still rife as to Lord Carlisle's probable successor as Viceroy of Ireland. The names of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Lansdowne have been freely mentioned, and rumour now points to Lord Wodehouse.

PREPARATIONS are going on at Warsaw for a visit by the Emperor of Russia before the end of this month. The keys of the city have been sent to be regilt, a builder has been commissioned to construct a triumphal arch, and arrangements have been made for a brilliant illumination.

A DIVISION OF THE PRUSSIAN FLOTILLA, under the command of Captain Jachmann, is making a trial trip in the Schleswig waters of the Baltic. It will touch at Eckernförde and Flensburg.

THE RUSH through Edinburgh to the moors has for some days past been something immense. The London train, due at 8.30 p.m., has been every night an hour and an hour and a half behind time, arising from getting the dogs in and the odd sportsmen consolidated at the roadside stations.

MR. CYRUS FIELD has arrived in Newfoundland for the purpose of selecting a place where to land the new Atlantic telegraph cable, and "Heart's Content" is the place decided upon.

IN THE GARDENS of a certain nobleman's country house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards, with this request:—"Please not to pluck the flowers without leave." Some wag got a paint-brush, and added an "s" to the last word.

THE PARISH CHURCH at SUTTON-AT-HOVE, near Dartford, has been forcibly entered, the thieves breaking open the boxes containing the money deposited for the relief of the poor, and decamping with their booty.

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, which has been thoroughly cleansed during the vacation, will be reopened for Divine service on Sunday, the 2nd of October. There will be a full choir, and the sermon will be preached by the Ven. Archdeacon Robinson, D.D., Canon of Rochester.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, by command of her Majesty, will be opened freely to the public on the 26th of August, the anniversary of the birthday of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the founder of the gardens.

THE RATIFICATION OF THE TREATIES renewing the Zollverein, which would otherwise expire next year, between Prussia and those other German States which have agreed to prolong the Customs' Union, were exchanged on Monday at Berlin.

A TREMENDOUS FIRE TOOK PLACE IN HULL ON MONDAY. Several valuable warehouses in Railway-street were consumed. Messrs. Thompson, McKay, and Co., and Messrs. Carver and Co., are the firms chiefly affected. The loss of property amounts to many thousands of pounds.

THE OLD POST OFFICE OF PARIS is pronounced inadequate to the increased demands of the postal service, and by an Imperial decree it appears that a new establishment is to be built. In connection with the new building other architectural changes or improvements are also contemplated.

WE have all heard of a case where a party wished to have a letter sent along the telegraph wires; but this was rather outdone by an application which was seriously made to the authorities at the Kirkintilloch railway station last Saturday morning—namely, that a ramrod should be sent on by the same speedy conveyance.

A STRIKE, embracing several hundred men, took place on Monday among the deal-porters, landing-porters, and pilers employed in the Grand Surrey and Commercial Docks, in consequence of some dispute with the contractors for the landing and piling of timber in these docks.

PRINCE WILLIAM FREDERICK OF HESSE has formally laid before the German Diet his claims to the duchy of Lauenburg, on the ground that, having in 1852 renounced his claims to his sister, the present Queen of Denmark, on condition that the integrity of the kingdom should be maintained, and that condition having now been violated, his renunciation becomes void, and his original rights revive.

MRS. LONGWORTH YELVERTON has raised an action of damages concluding for £3000 against the *Saturday Review*, for an article which lately appeared in that publication commenting on the recent decision of the House of Lords on the Yelverton case, and, as is alleged, making unwarranted insinuations against the fair fame of the lady.

AN ORDER OF THE PREFECT OF THE VAR, of the 11th of December last, giving premiums for the destruction of foxes, has been attended with the following results:—From the 1st of January to the 1st of August of the present year there were killed 315 full-grown males, 64 cubs, 287 females, and 103 ditto with young; or 770 in all. What would the sporting gentlemen of England say to such slaughter in only one department?

A FRIGHTFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT took place in the immediate vicinity of the Camden Town station of the North London Railway on Tuesday morning. The fire-box of the engine attached to the morning express-train exploded, and the engine itself dashed off the line into the street. The stoker and driver were both seriously injured, but all the passengers fortunately escaped unhurt.

AN ASSOCIATION styling itself the European Academy of Fashion has just held a meeting in Dresden, at which it was resolved to establish a school to teach "the arts relating to dress"—tailoring, in homely phrase. The institution is also to comprise a museum of costumes—old coats and cast-off crinolines may be expected shortly to be at a premium.

A GREAT NUMBER OF CHILDREN have been poisoned at Liverpool by eating a bean called the Old Calabar bean, which they found in numbers among a lot of rubbish discharged from a vessel just arrived from the West Coast of Africa. The bean is highly poisonous. Upwards of sixty children were more or less affected, many dangerously, and one poor thing died of the poison.

ON SUNDAY a man broke into the house of Mrs. Haynes, of Kingswood-hill, Gloucestershire, whilst the family were at chapel. On their return home the fellow escaped through one of the bed-room windows. The house was examined and nothing appeared to have been taken away; but the man had left behind him nearly the whole of his clothing, together with his silver watch, umbrella, a plasterer's iron hatchet, large gilet, and butcher's knife, the three last articles being entirely new.

TWO YOUNG MEN were angling together near Arles, France, when one of them offered to wager 10f. that he would swallow a raw fish. The bet was accepted, and the young man then put a small fish into his mouth, but it stuck in his throat, and all efforts to extract it proved vain. A surgeon was sent for, but the prickles of the dorsal fin had penetrated so far into the flesh that he also failed to move it. The consequence was that the patient expired, after great suffering.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE Roman Catholic priests still exercise a vast influence over the people of Ireland, and, through them, over the Irish members of Parliament. There cannot be a doubt that this influence compelled those twelve members who sit on the Government side of the House, and rank as Liberals, to vote, as they did, for Disraeli's censure of the Ministry. Indeed, some of these twelve did not scruple, in private conversation, to say as much. "I hope the Government will win," said one in my hearing, "but I cannot vote for them. I could never show my face on the hustings again if I were to vote against Disraeli's motion." Rely upon it that no men were more joyful than those twelve when the numbers were announced. Please also to remark—for the fact is worth noting—that no Irish member of Parliament, except that wild slip The O'Donoghue, takes part in the revived agitation for Repeal. The Roman Catholic members will go great lengths in obedience to the commands of their master; but they will not make themselves ridiculous and imperil their position in the House of Commons by taking part in this senseless agitation. Mr. Henessy is, perhaps, the most Irish of the Irish members, and the most pliant and subservient servant, not to say tool, of the priesthood in the House, but even he takes care to keep clear of this question of Repeal. Repeal died with O'Connell. It was, indeed, moribund long before his death. I question, myself, whether O'Connell was ever a sincere Repealer, and certainly he never thought for a moment that Repeal was possible. The agitators for Repeal now are Roman Catholic priests, angry because their flocks are flowing away across the sea, and laymen whose names are utterly unknown on this side of the Channel. And what treason these men are talking, especially the priests! but they may talk on. Fifty years ago they would have been sent from their country for their country's good, or perhaps still more effectually silenced by a susper-coll; but we have long since learned a more excellent way to deal with such blockheads—we allow them to pillory themselves.

Speaking of O'Connell reminds me that there is no one of that name now in the House. I think I remember three who were members since the death of the great Dan—to wit, Morgan John, a nephew of the Repealer; and John and Daniel, his sons. Morgan has, I believe, had some property left him of late, and is now a prosperous gentleman. John and Daniel both touched Saxon gold, or, in other words, took places under Government—John, some years ago, got a good situation, but I think he is dead; Dan, who was one of the swells of the House, obtained a commission of something about two years ago, as a reward for his faithful support of the Whigs whom his father used so fiercely to denounce, and then, of course, he had to give up his seat. And thus in the House of Commons the race has become extinct. When John took office, I remember hearing this little bit of confab between two Irish members:—"So John O'Connell has got a place," said Irish member No. 1. "Poor old Dan! If he could know that his son had touched Saxon gold he would turn in his grave." "Don't talk nonsense," gently replied Irish member No. 2; "he would rejoice to know that his son is so well provided for, and so do I. Keep your gammon for the hustings, my friend. If the Government were to offer me £800 a year in case of your refusing it, I should stand very little chance of getting it."

It is not merely by political celebrities or in the provinces that at this season of the year "grand palavers" are held with the working classes. On Wednesday last, in a large room connected with the Millwall Ironworks, Mr. Andrew Halliday gave a reading selected from his contributions to *All the Year Round*. The young author and essayist read three pieces—"My Account with her Majesty," "Exceedingly Odd Odd-Fellows," and his serio-comic poem of "Cock Robin." Humorous literature is looking up. It not only claims to have, but has, a moral influence. At the conclusion of the reading a working man said to his wife, "For years I've spent twelve shillin' a week in liquor; now, dash me if I don't put something in the Post Office Saving's-Bank!" Bravo, Mr. Halliday, and bravo the working men and their wives, who give their attention to sound wholesome literature, instead of murder-mongering romances and sensational impossibilities!

I have just seen on the walls another sort of treat for those whom paid delegates call "the hard-handed sons of toil"—a placard headed "Theatrical Artisan Excursion to the Royal Dramatic College. On Sunday, the 21st, a special train is to leave Waterloo Station at 9.30 for the Necropolis, thence to the College. Children half-price." Fancy, a pleasure party to a Necropolis! The fathers and mothers bivouacking, and the children romping, among the gravestones! In this hot weather, too! The very thought of it is a sudorific!

The heat has returned, and town is again a dusty oven, tempered by water-carts. The very tourists' suits in the shop-windows of the advertising tailors seem to look at you reproachfully, and if words could issue from their pockets or mouths, doubtless they would say, "Buy me; I am cheap, durable, have been shrunk, weigh only four ounces, and am warranted to wash; buy me, and take me out of town!"

But little is doing at the clubs; for the clubbists are absent. The members of the Bar are divided in opinion respecting Mrs. Theresa Yelverton's case against the *Saturday Review*. If the *Saturday* should be cast for damages, it will pay a heavy price for the ten syllables, "Athenian lady of doubtful fame," which no doubt have caused the action. Although "simply loathsome" and "adventurous" are hard words too. I wonder what the Scotch Judges will think of them.

I see with great sorrow that we have just lost a very promising, and, alas! very young, artist—Mr. M. I. Lawless. Of completed canvases he has, unluckily, not left enough to establish a wide reputation, though, I believe, had he lived, he would have ranked high among our painters. But of his skill and taste as a draughtsman he has left us in no doubt. His illustrations have been the gems of some of the illustrated London magazines. I would recommend your readers to look over the back numbers of *London Society* if they want to refresh their memory of some charming pictures from his dashing but correct pencil.

A cheap periodical publication, entitled *The Orator*, is, I hear, about to make its appearance. It is to contain a series of the best speeches in the English language, with explanatory notes. It is matter for surprise that something of the kind has not been attempted before, as this class of literature is for the most part inaccessible at a reasonable outlay. The idea is a good one, and a large circulation will no doubt be attained.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards, late special correspondent of the *Times* in Poland, is, I hear, preparing a history of the Polish insurrection.

The other day I read that Alexander Dumas the Elder has worked—that is, written—ten hours a day for twenty years; has accomplished 400 volumes of romances and thirty-five plays, for which publishers and others have paid no less a sum than 18,213,000f.—over £720,000. Now, if it is not certain that M. Dumas has stated this to be a fact, I should doubt it. I always understood that Alexander the Extraordinary employed a large number of writers—nay, that the books that appeared with his name upon the title-page could not have been written—and by the word written I mean merely put down on paper—by one hand, had that hand worked twenty-four hours every day without intermission. Was not M. Auguste Maquet largely concerned in the composition of the "Chateau d'If," and of "Monte Christo," as well as in the dramas produced at the Historique? I remember hearing an anecdote which presumed that Dumas was the proprietor of a large *magasin* devoted to literary manufacture. "I have an admirable staff," said the voluminous author; "a superb staff; but not one of them can write dialogue. I am compelled to do that myself!" Now, as most of M. Dumas' romances are nine-tenths dialogue, this anecdote may be true.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE closed on Saturday with a remarkable novelty—the production of a new and original comedy. In these days of sensation, translation, imitation, adaptation, and

approbation of everything, it is wonderful that a gentleman should be found with sufficient courage to sit down to the task of the composition of a comedy. The greatest marvel of all is how he managed to get a manager to read it. However, the result is that an original comedy has been produced, and with the most entire success. The story of "How Will They Get Out Of It?" opens at Major Oldfield's marine villa. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton have been married clandestinely, and obtained the forgiveness of the bride's parents, the Major and his wife. Mr. Percy Wilding, their neighbour, lives on intimate terms with them. This friendly circle receives an augmentation in the person of a fascinating widow—as she calls herself—one Mrs. Tiverton, in whom Percy Wilding recognises his wife, from whom, on account of disparity of temper, he has been separated for two years. Wilding and Mrs. Tiverton—or, rather, Mrs. Wilding—agree to keep the fact of their union a secret. Mr. Egerton is continually holding private conversations with the supposed widow, for he believes her to be in possession of evidence which would render him amenable to a charge of bigamy. Mrs. Egerton becomes jealous of Mrs. Tiverton, and Mrs. Tiverton suspects that her husband—i.e., Wilding—is anxious for a divorce only that he may marry a Miss Jessie Ashton. Here is, as the reader will perceive, an admirable imbroglia—simple, natural, effective, and amusing; and "How Will They Get Out Of It?" is a capital title for a comedy built on social circumstances so highly complicated and embarrassing. Ultimately it is proved that Egerton's first wife was not saved from the wreck of the vessel in which he supposed she had perished. Mr. and Mrs. (Tiverton) Wilding are reunited, and Jessie Ashton is betrothed to her cousin, Frederick Oldfield. Thus, all the dramatis personæ find their way out of their difficulties before the fall of the curtain. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr. Robinson, and Miss Wentworth, all acted excellently. Mrs. Stirling played the too-agreeable widow; and, having mentioned that fact, any comment on the acting of the part is unnecessary. I must mention that the new piece is the work of Mr. Arthur Sketchley, the gentleman who gives a nightly entertainment in the Egyptian Hall, and whose name is associated in the public mind with the misadventures of Mrs. Brown on her first and only visit to her Majesty Queen Victoria's "hewn theayter," and who has made another addition to his very long list of acquisitions and successes. Moral:—If MM. les Directeurs would only permit, perhaps Englishmen might be found able to write tragedies, comedies, and dramas as suitable to English taste as the productions of "our lively neighbours." Who knows?

The NEW ADELPHI extravaganza, by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, is called "The Actors' Retreat," and is exactly the sort of piece to delight the habitués of theatres and stall-holding amateurs, who, tired of seeing their favourite artists assume characters, rejoice in witnessing their personation of themselves. The prologue occurs in the green-room of the Adelphi Theatre. Mr. Phillips, the stage-manager, appears as Phillips, the stage-manager, Mr. C. J. Smith as Chris. Smith, Mr. Robert Romer as Bob Romer, and Mr. Paul Bedford as Paul; and the audience learns from these impersonations that it is the custom of Mr. C. J. Smith to attend morning rehearsal in full evening dress, and the habit of Mr. Paul Bedford to appear in the Strand at noontide in a nankeen coat and a broad-brimmed straw hat. Miss Woolgar arrives as Miss Woolgar and Mr. Toole as Mr. Toole. Mr. Toole expresses himself as being in a state of despondency, and, on being questioned as to the cause of his grief, makes known the unsuspected fact that he is pining to play tragedy—that he despises comedy as "low," and thinks fun frivolous, vexatious, and unnecessary. He is left to sleep off his dramatic dyspepsia on the green-room sofa, and his dream transports him to a gipsy encampment, where he is made to submit to all sorts of indignities at the hands of the gipsy tribe, whose faces bear an extraordinary resemblance to those of his old Adelphi comrades. Gipsy Jane, whose visage and manners are charmingly suggestive of Miss Woolgar, makes love to the dazed ex-comedian. The Gipsy King, a sort of velvet edition of Mr. C. J. Smith, blesses the union by the sacrifice of a pitcher. Black Will, a pallid spectre of Mr. Robert Romer, attempts the bridegroom's life; and larceny, felony, and bigamy hover over the head of the devoted Toole, whose career of infamy is only stopped short by a friendly and inimical bullet. Gipsy Jane delivers some lines, which point out to the recreant comedian that he has every cause to be contented with the gifts of this world. A view of the Royal Dramatic College at Maybury was exhibited, and, presto! Mr. Toole finds himself again on the green-room sofa suffering horribly from nightmare (or perhaps from the view of the Royal Dramatic College). Finally, he is reconciled to drama, comedy, and farce, and resolves to live happily ever after. The piece is full of smart hits and funny situations. Its only blemish is its allusion to the Royal Dramatic College—of which institution I, in common with many others, am getting somewhat weary. Charity is a good thing in all classes; it is not a higher virtue because indulged in by the followers of the dramatic art; nor should we "blaze our little charities abroad," as Dr. Cantwell has it, lest our motives should be open to misconstruction and suspicion. Indeed, as a general rule, it is better not to trumpet our own virtues, for of all the forms of egotism the egotism of benevolence is the most tormenting. It is permitted to so few mortals to play Providence.

But a few weeks ago, in a notice of the revival of the burlesque of "Masaniello," I referred to the untimely death of Robert Brough, and endeavoured to point out the similarity of his genius as an author to that of Robson as an actor. Now both are gone. As my readers will have learned from the daily papers, Robson expired a few minutes before midnight on Thursday, the 11th inst. By his death the stage and the public lose a very extraordinary artist, whose genius was all his own—he neither borrowed nor improved on any predecessor. Some old playgoers likened him to the elder Kean; some to the elder Emery. He resembled neither. He struck out an original path, and united the passion of the highest tragedy to the absurdities of the broadest farce—the pathos of domestic sorrow to the saltatory extravagances of Pierrot. His acting possessed no repose—knew no gradations. Had he played Cassandra he would have roared her prophecies to the music of a nigger melody, and would have frightened his hearers rather than amused them. He was half tragedian, half harlequin; Macbeth and Pistol, Lear and Pompey rolled into one. It was impossible to pronounce between his last act of Medea and his Jem Baggs—between his Desmarts and his Jacob Earwig. He seemed to possess a grim delight in flying from the sublime to the grotesque—from the passionate to the paltry—from the pathetic to the mean. No sooner had he soared than he grovelled, directly after he had stooped he flew. To all this he added a rich, broad, natural humour; his art was subject to no fixed laws but was erratic as the course of a comet. His many gifts so startled and contradicted each other and were of that various, many-sided kaleidoscopic character that is expressed by no word but the word genius.

It may be as well to inform both those professional writers and amateur actors who are apt to take a too complimentary view of their own efforts, that in the very height of his success Mr. Robson was always painfully and nervously sensitive as to the effect of his next attempt. When all London talked of him, and he received the congratulations of his personal friends, his reply usually was, "Yes, yes; much obliged to you; but will it last? that's the question, will it last?" a clear proof that in one instance, at least, modesty and merit were more than mere alliteration.

A FATAL JEST.—An event of a very melancholy character occurred on Saturday last to a visitor at the fashionable watering-place of Withersden, situated on the Yorkshire coast, named Robert Todd, a brewer, residing at Gainsborough. That gentleman, it seems, whilst bathing in the evening, feigned drowning, and brought to his side, by his cries for help, a number of bathers hard by, who found him as safe as they and laughing at having "sold" them. Some further cries for aid were heard to proceed from Mr. Todd, but they were of course unheeded. This time, however, no hoax was meant, he being really in imminent peril; but the natural consequence of his unfortunate folly was that he perished without the slightest effort being made to save him.

AMONG THE LAKES.

I AM still wandering about this wonderful Lake region; and so enchanted, and contented, and happy am I that but for a consumption of the purse very prevalent at this time of year, and to which I am specially liable, I would not return to town for a very long time. Since I last wrote, I have smoked my pipe on the utmost peak of Helvellyn, 3055 ft. above the sea. I have been up Snowdon; was there, as you remember, last year, and was lucky enough to have fine weather; and grand was the view that I got thence. But I think that the view from Helvellyn is grander still, albeit the Welsh mountain is some 400 ft. higher than Helvellyn. The sky was clear; but in the extreme distance might have been clearer. Wordsworth saw the Isle of Man; but this I could not see. I could, however, plainly discern the outline of Mount Criffel in Kircudbrightshire, N.B., as I expected to do; for I remembered that Carlyle somewhere fancies Wordsworth on Helvellyn and Burns on Criffel confronting each other. But, after all, the charm of the scene around Helvellyn lies not in those distant objects which you have to strain your eyes to see, but in that wonderful panorama of mountains, and lakes, and valleys, and tarns which lies well within the range of your vision. Skiddaw, Scawfell towered even higher than we were; and as to the mountains, and peaks, and hills which cluster round the mighty monarchs Skiddaw, Scawfell, and Helvellyn, their name is legion. But it is the intermingling of mountains, and valleys, and lakes which constitutes the beauty of the region. Of lakes we could see at least a dozen. There was Windermere shimmering under the sun on one side, Ullswater on another, and Grassmere—to my mind the loveliest of all—apparently close beneath the elevation on which we stood; and that Vale of St. John, looking so peacefully calm that you might imagine it to be a paradise into which sin had never entered. And now, what remained for us but to lie there "on the hills, like gods, together, careless of mankind" and all subsidiary things? But we were soon reminded that we were but mortal; for the Spirit of Storm, envious, as it would seem, of our usurpation of one of his favourite thrones, waved his wand, and straight there came from the Atlantic Ocean, right across Skiddaw, a blast of air so blindingly cold, followed by a storm of wind, and hail, and rain so fierce, that we were forced to start immediately on our journey home. Here, then, was a change. But a few minutes ago we were reclining at our ease upon the mountain-top, under a clear sky, viewing a scene that spoke nothing but serenity and peace; and now we were battling with a tempestuous wind that threatened to blow us over the precipice; pelted with hail, which struck our faces like a volley of sharp shot and mercilessly drenched (those of us who were not clad in waterproof, as I was) from head to foot with rain. And we had ladies with us, one of whom had never been on a mountain top before. There was nothing, however, to be done but bravely to wrestle with the storm, and push through it as well as we could, and this we did. It was no easy task, though, I can assure you, as you may imagine, when I tell you that when the storm first broke upon us we were descending the steepest incline on the road; that, after having got down, we had to cross a sort of gully, through which the tempest roared as through the shaft of a chimney; and that all the while we were within a few yards of a precipice, towards which the angry storm seemed bent upon driving us. By Jove! I thought, at one time, just for a moment, that it was all over with your correspondent and the lady who clung to his arm. We gained the victory, though, of the storm at last—that is to say, we were out of its way—and, happily, with no serious injury, none but what the tailor and the dressmaker could repair, and in two hours we got to our inn, not, however, till we had encountered, when we were about a mile from home, a steady downfall of rain. But this was a trifle; that tempest, though, up aloft was seriously no joke. Long after we got out of it we could see it careering far above us, hail and rain in horizontal lines, straight as an arrow from a Tartar's bow. The name of our inn is the King's Head. The locality of it, Thirlspot, on the bank of Thirlmere. I owe it to the landlord thus to advertise it, for never in all my wanderings did I meet with such assiduous kindness as that which our party received there. Fires were promptly lighted, the whole wardrobe of the establishment was ransacked for dry clothes, and in less than an hour we were regaling ourselves round the tea-table as snugly, and as comfortably, and as merrily, I may say, as if nothing had happened. The appearance of the ladies was, as you may conceive, fruitful of mirth—with hair drenched out of all curl, dresses a world too long and too big, and no crinoline, they looked like mendicant nuns of the mediaeval times.

Since then we have had the loveliest of weather, and, tired of mounting steep, I have kept moving on the level. I have steamed on Windermere and lazily glided in a small boat over the surface of Grassmere. I do not believe that nature and art combined can contrive a pleasure more luxurious than this. It is in Grassmere churchyard, you will remember, that Wordsworth lies buried. His grave is in the shadow of an ancient yew-tree—a beautiful spot. But alas! the grave is sadly desecrated by the trampling of vulgar tourists. There is scarcely a blade of grass upon it. Indeed, it is almost trodden flat. Surely something might be done to protect it from this desecration. An iron palisade would not be very costly, and there are thousands who would gladly subscribe to protect the grave of Wordsworth. It was to Grassmere that Wordsworth brought his youthful bride. The cottage is still standing, and it is now tenanted by a labourer and his family. It is very small, but at that time the poet was a poor man. His house at Rydal Mount, to which he removed when he was better off, is a handsome, gentlemanly residence.

A LOUNGER.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN DUBLIN.

MONDAY, the 8th inst., was a great gala-day in Dublin; for on that day the foundation-stone of the monument to Daniel O'Connell was laid with great ceremonial and eclat. Nearly all the shop windows were closed, and the town wore the aspect of a holiday. In almost every house along the line of the procession groups of ladies and gentlemen were looking from the windows; but they had, in many cases, more of the manner of people enduring a privation than enjoying a triumph. The 8th of August might be called the greenest day that Dublin has ever seen. Green in profusion met the eye in every direction. The horses, the carriages, the drivers, were all adorned with green—green in every shape in which it could be used. Those who could not afford to buy rosettes, or sashes, or scarves, got leaves or boughs. With the native colour were blended white, yellow, and gold. These colours were all laid thickly on the immense standards of the trades, many of which had emblematic figures, and greatly delighted the crowds of men, women, and children in the streets, who presented one continued mass of human beings as far as the eye could reach along the line of procession in every direction. They had to wait long beyond the appointed time for the procession, but their conduct was marked with good order and good humour throughout. The police had little else to do beyond sending vehicles in the right direction. Every section of the procession had its own chief and subordinate officers, and the whole moved according to a system of discipline which they had established. Ten o'clock was the hour mentioned for starting; but it was not till near one o'clock that the old state coach, drawn by six horses, was seen moving from the Mansion House. The procession was formed in the order laid down in the programme, but there were gaps caused by the absence of classes that were expected to be represented. It was made up principally of the trades, the corporations, the schools, and the religious fraternities. Numerous bands played at different places as the procession advanced. It occupied nearly two hours in passing each point, which shows to what a length it must have extended; but it was sometimes delayed by restive horses. There was not much enthusiasm manifested anywhere; but the fact that so much trouble had been taken and so much money had been spent to make the demonstration respectable and successful shows that there is a

deep feeling connected with the memory of O'Connell among the lower classes, and to a great extent among the middle class. Those who got up the demonstration have every reason to congratulate themselves on the result. It was undoubtedly a magnificent display, and none of O'Connell's monster meetings was more orderly or more peaceably disposed. There was no manifestation of sectarian feeling on the part of the most ignorant, no disposition to molest anyone on account of his religion or politics. There might have been isolated cases of rudeness out of the range of the procession, but they must have been very rare. It is impossible to calculate the number of people attracted by the show; but in Dame-street alone there could not be less than 50,000, while many other streets were filled in the same way.

The procession arrived at the site of the monument in Sackville-street, where the hordes filed off. Within the inclosure Sir John Gray read an address to the Lord Mayor eulogising O'Connell, recording his achievements for Ireland, and, in the name of the monument committee, of which he is chairman, requesting him as chief magistrate of the city to lay the first stone. His Lordship read a suitable reply, after which the ceremony was performed. The trowel, of solid silver, was presented to the Lord Mayor, and the mallet, of ornamented bog-oak, to Sir John Gray, to mark the committee's sense of "the vast services rendered by him in originating, promoting, and carrying out to the advent of its completion this great national monument of Ireland's gratitude to her greatest son, the immortal Liberator."

It was near six o'clock before the ceremony was over. It was almost immediately followed by a banquet in the Round-room of the Rotundo, the whole area of which was covered with tables, and still it was said many failed to obtain accommodation. About 400 gentlemen sat down to dinner. The Lord Mayor presided, "The Pope" was not in the list of toasts. "The Queen," "The Prince and Princess of Wales," &c., were received with warm demonstrations of loyalty. On "the memory of O'Connell" being given the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, Archbishop of Cashel, delivered an eloquent speech. Able speeches were also delivered by Mr. Kavanagh, Sir Colman O'Loughlin, M.P.; Mr. Dillon, Sir John Gray, and especially by Mr. Maguire, M.P. Mr. Kavanagh, one of the secretaries, complained that the higher classes, whom O'Connell had emancipated, were not represented there that day; it was a people's demonstration, and the people had not yet got the benefit of emancipation. "No peers, no judges, none but the people honoured the immortal memory of the great Liberator." The proceedings were harmonious and the meeting enthusiastic. It did not break up till midnight.

THE ALBERT STATUE AT THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASYLUM.

THE Prince Consort was the patron of this institution, and took so great an interest in its well-doing that the governors resolved to erect in the grounds of the asylum a statue to his memory. The statue was uncovered on Tuesday, the 9th inst., in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a very numerous party of subscribers and friends to the charity. For many years the licensed victuallers have been honourably distinguished by the excellent charities subscribed for and dispensed by their body. Thus, they feed, clothe, and educate the children of deceased or impoverished members of the trade: they relieve those of their number who from age or infirmity are no longer able to support themselves; and in the asylum, which is situated near the Old Kent-road, more than two hundred aged, infirm, and decayed members of the trade find comfortable habitations. An unusual amount of Royal favour has been bestowed upon this institution. Its first stone was laid in 1828, by the Duke of Sussex; in 1849 the Prince Consort laid the foundation-stone of the "Ladies' Wing," and in 1858 his Royal Highness performed the same office for another enlargement, which was named the "Albert Wing." In 1863 the Prince of Wales took his father's place as patron of the institution, which has now 160 distinct habitations, containing 207 inmates, and which its supporters point to with natural pride as "the largest asylum of a trade class in England."

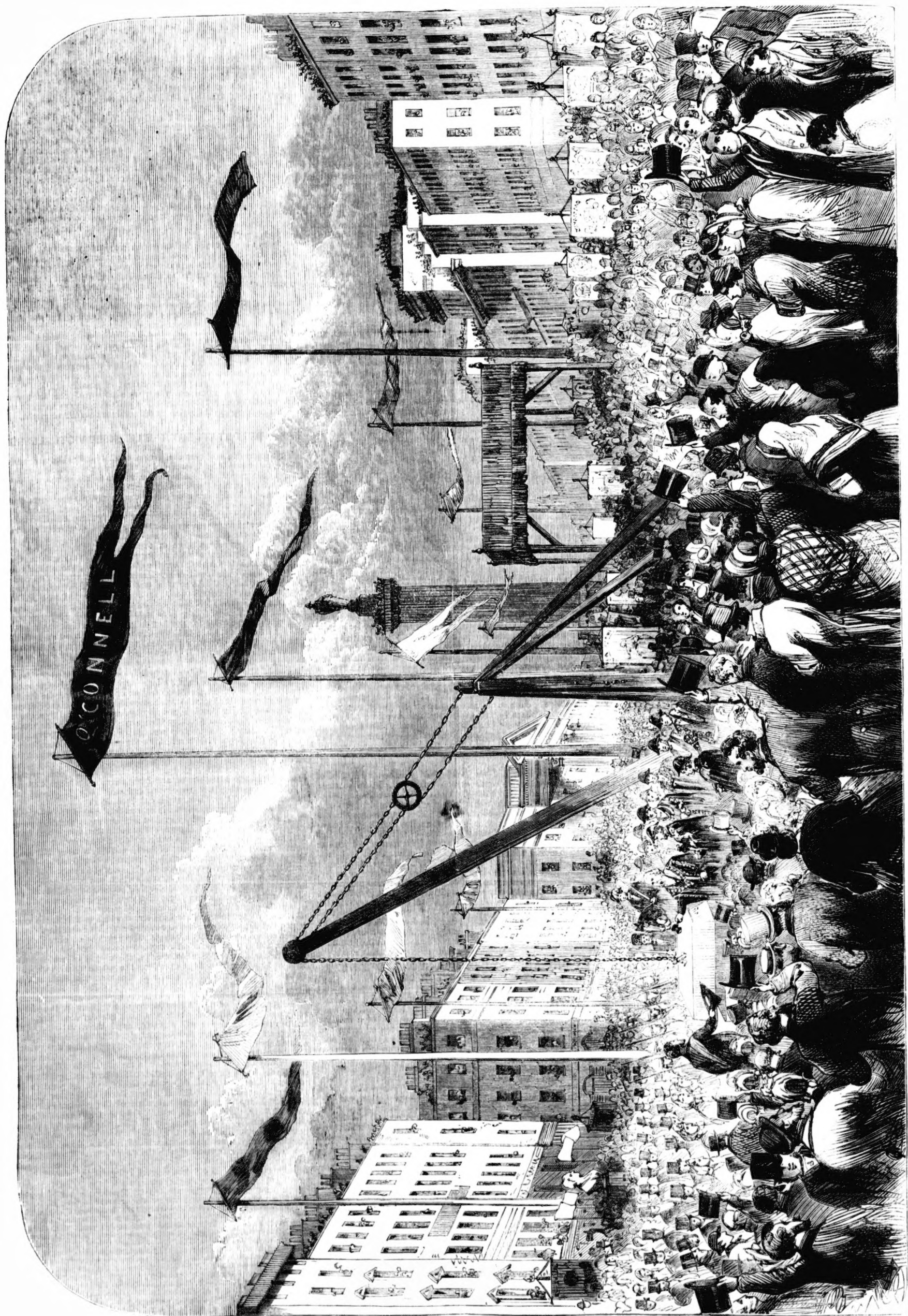
Notwithstanding the heavy rain, a large crowd, numbering some thousands, was collected on the occasion of inaugurating the statue. The Prince of Wales, who was attended by Lieutenant-General Knollys and Major Teesdale, was received on his arrival by a guard of honour of the Hon. Artillery Company. Attended by the chairman (Mr. Cairn), the trustees and governors of the Asylum, the chaplain (the Rev. W. G. Martin), the secretary (Mr. Thomas Jones), and other officers, he was conducted into the chapel, from which the company passed in procession to visit the Albert Wing and other portions of the building. A handsome pavilion had been erected, covering the site of the statue, and here assembled a large number of visitors, among whom were the Lord and Lady Mayoress, Mr. Sheriff Cave and Mrs. Cave, and Mr. Ayrton, M.P.

The board of management and the memorial committee advanced to the dais, and the secretary read an address, the concluding paragraph of which was as follows:—"The board of management have felt, most noble Prince, that a work which in the carrying out has been to all of them a 'labour of love' needed nothing but your Royal presence to bring it to a triumphant completion. They, therefore, approached your Royal Highness, and humbly sought at your hands that mark of Royal favour which you have to-day seen fit to bestow upon them; and now they respectfully solicit, in the name of the subscribers at large, that your Royal Highness will be pleased to command that the memorial be uncovered." The Prince accordingly gave the word, and the screen which had hitherto concealed the statue from view was removed amid loud cheering.

The statue was greatly admired. The figure is of pure Carrara marble, and is upwards of 8 ft. high, the pedestal on which it rests being a solid block of Sicilian marble, the weight of which is ten tons, and its height a little over 6 ft., the whole standing upon a granite base of 1 ft. 6 in. in thickness. The memorial itself is consequently little short of 16 ft. in height. His Royal Highness is represented in the costume in which he appeared when laying the foundation-stone of the Albert Wing, and appears in the act of replying to the address which was then presented to him. He holds in one hand a scroll elevated, as if about to address an audience, whilst the other rests on part of a Corinthian column, with a cloak thrown partly over it, as pertaining to the fine arts, which the Prince had taken so great an interest in promoting. There are four inscriptions on the memorial. On the south tablet (facing the chapel) the inscription is, "Erected A.D. 1863, as a lasting tribute of respect to the memory of Albert the Good." On the west tablet (facing Nunhead Hill), "H.R.H. Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emmanuel, the Prince Consort, patron of the institution. Born Aug. 26, 1819. Died Dec. 14, 1861." On the north tablet (facing Old Kent-road), "Inaugurated by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, patron of the institution, Aug. 9, 1864." And on the east tablet (facing the Asylum-road) are the arms of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, quartered with the Royal arms. The whole was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Earle, of Vincent-street, Brompton, at a cost of between 600 and 700 guineas.

THE SIX-HUNDRED POUNDER GUN.—On Tuesday the most important of all the many important experiments at Shoeburyness took place. The 600-pounder gun was fired against a floating target made on the principle of the Warrior. It was intended to fire at a range of 2000 yards, but with a view to secure accuracy, the firing took place at 500 yards. The charge of powder, however, if increased in certain proportions, would represent the same effects at 2000 yards. The shell that struck the target practically demolished it, and would have sunk any ship it might take effect upon. It was the universal opinion that this 600-pounder gun will sink any iron-clad ship that could be built. There is no country but England that has a 600-pounder, and we have only this one at present; but we are building more.

DUELLING IN ITALY.—Mr. Pisicelli, the Italian Minister of Justice, has addressed a circular to the judicial authorities of the kingdom, ordering them in cases of duel to carry on legal proceedings with the same promptitude and independence that they evince in other offences. "Duelling," says the circular, "independently of its frequently plunging families into affliction, is of itself an act most repugnant to the present state of civilisation, while it at the same time constitutes the most flagrant usurpation of public authority." Mr. Pisicelli adds that a Constitutional Government is the one that ought the least to tolerate duelling, because such a Government is the régime of the law applied to every circumstance.



CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN.



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES INAUGURATING THE STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT AT THE LICENSED VICTUALERS' ASYLUM.

Literature.

Enoch Arden, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L. Moxon and Co.

"Thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! Do I indeed behold—?" Yes, Jenkinson, you do behold—not in the *Illustrated Times*, but in the *Athenæum* of last week—that "unfortunate Dr. Primrose," whose mission it is to resist the "deuterogamists of the age." We are sorry to be forced to detain the reader with a criticism of a criticism; but it will, in the course of a few lines, be perceived that we have no alternative. There is probably not a writer living the fortunes of whose books are less likely to be affected by reviews than Mr. Tennyson; but that is only another way of saying how great he is. Nobody could put out the sun; but if anybody were to come forward and maintain that that planet was seriously paler since the middle of last week we should all feel an interest in jumping up and exclaiming Pooh!

The fact is, Mr. Tennyson has a claim upon every one for very deliberate and self-suspicious attention. In any doubtful case it is, *a priori*, more likely that we are wrong, than that he is wrong—and we are able to illustrate the remark. The text which Annie Lee "drew" when she tried Bible sortilege was, says the poem, "under a palm-tree." We thought at first that that was in the "History of Susanna" (Apocrypha). On reference, however, we saw the words there were "under a holm-tree." Surely, Mr. Tennyson is wrong, and there is no such text? Not a bit of it. It was we who were wrong; and the poet more than right. If the kind reader will turn to Judges iv. 5, and compare that with Genesis xxxv. 8, he will see with what significance the text has been chosen. This is a very trivial example; but it may serve to point the general observation that a reviewer is more safe in doubting himself than in doubting men like Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, and others of similar rank.

It has for some time been known that Mr. Tennyson's new poem was founded on the story of "Enoch the Fisherman"—a story of unhappy love, in which a wife marries a second husband during the life of the first. The question is, under what conditions? Moral or immoral, legal or illegal? The *Athenæum* of last Saturday tells the world that in Mr. Tennyson's poem "the deserted wife becomes a bigamist," and its "criticism" is one prolonged shriek against the immorality of the story:—

Are the poets and novelists bent on preparing a way for the introduction of polyandry? The moral is much the same as in "Not Dead Yet;" but the poet's purpose being different from that of the novelist, affairs are so managed as to draw the reader's feeling along, and almost to make him applaud an act which nature, equity, and common-sense must all condemn. Almost, not wholly, for nature is too strong in this case to allow any, except a very feeble and sentimental reader, to be led astray. *Honesty and law* are both against Enoch in his sly deed, and no artifices of eloquence and imagery can hide the flaw in his proceedings. The poet means that his conduct shall appear brave; in truth, it appears to be that of a dastard.

Not having read "Not Dead Yet," we are unable to explain how it is that "the moral" can be "much the same" while "the purpose" is different; but that is a small matter. We have here, it will be observed, a positive assertion that Annie Lee, the heroine of the poem, is, both in law and in morals, a bigamist. If this means that the unhappy but conscientious woman whom the poet draws did anything punishable by English law, or opposed to the law of God, as understood in Protestant countries, we can only meet it with a flat contradiction; it is a misstatement of fact.

We do not happen to know, and perhaps our contemporary does not know, what was the state of the law about sixty-five years ago (when the events are supposed to have occurred); nor does it matter, considering that the criticism turns upon a modern application. But we do know (and fancied everybody knew) that, by the 9th Geo. IV., cap. 31, a wife who marries again, *not having known* during seven years that a previous husband is alive (we are quoting accurately), is not a criminal. And we also know, having read "Enoch Arden," that Enoch is away twelve years, during which his wife does not hear of him. We may just add here that, so far as we can gather from the books, the law was much less, not more, stringent before the statute of George IV. than it is now upon the subject in question.

But the attack of the *Athenæum* goes much further than this. Annie Lee, we are told, "thinks her husband must be dead; her lover is kind and ardent; her children will be happier in the miller's house. But it all amounts to little more than that, by marrying again, she will better her position. A woman who has been loved as Annie Lee is loved by Enoch Arden, and who can marry his rival for silver spoons and a bright parlour, without having heard one syllable to suggest that her husband is dead, is not a person to excite much sympathy." Against this we need only set a detail or two out of the poem. For a long time Philip Ray has been taking, in great part, a father's place in regard to the children. Annie Lee delays, and delays, and delays to marry him, until the public opinion of the place cries shame on her (which we mention, not because public opinion is the guide of conduct, but because it suggests the reluctance of the woman). Lastly, though it is quite true that Annie had not heard Enoch was dead, she had had what she took to be supernatural assurance that he was dead. In other words, she resorted to sortilege; and, after "drawing" the same text twice, had a dream or vision which she, in her poor, simple heart and conscience, believed to be an intimation from Heaven that Enoch was really dead. Most unwillingly—unwilling she is to the very last—she then marries Philip.

But we have yet to crave the reader's patience for a while. Granting for a moment (what is, we have shown, incorrect) that Annie Lee had been technically a criminal, we have yet to learn that it lies beyond the privilege of the artist to exhibit the conflict between form and fact. The newspapers constantly relate cases which take the name of bigamy, but in which judges pronounce nominal sentences, because the offence is nominal. Is there any charm, peradventure, in even the "seven years" which, by the merest accident, English law has adopted? Among the Jews the traditional rule, and we believe the practice, is, for some, and we think all (but we wish to be guarded), marriages to be made with an express proviso that the wife may marry again if at any time the husband is not heard of for two years. Is unchastity, is conjugal infidelity, a vice of the Jews? or are the Jews, on the contrary, a people remarkable for domestic virtue? Again, we have known instances in which Roman Catholic priests have given "dispensation" to marry again in cases similar to that of Annie Lee. This may be wrong; but the mere fact that opinions differ disentitles the *Athenæum* or any other critic to pretend that "bigamy" is an offence susceptible of any but a varying technical definition.

We have not yet done. When Enoch returns, after twelve years, and finds the children, who must have forgotten him, grown up (one child dead), and Annie with another husband, he resolves not to put in an appearance. This the *Athenæum* condemns in terms which are simply absurd in their absoluteness:—"The serious difference between the poetical intention and the practical result arises from the cardinal mistake of supposing that any claim in the world can require a man to be untrue to fact. Surely this is wrong. The first duty of man is to truth, to reality, to the thing that is. No event in a man's career can ever require that he shall become a fraud, that he shall yield false testimony, that his life shall be an incarnate lie. This is Enoch Arden's case." Then the review goes on to say that Enoch's "silence was bearing false witness," and so on. The utter absurdity of this will appear if we put a case, suppose Enoch Arden had been placed in such circumstances (say in a war) that his only way of conveying bread to his children was by means of passing as John Jones, or even as an old woman. Would he have been bound to disclose his real identity by a voluntary statement? The question is ridiculous. We entirely respect the principle laid down by our contemporary—that a man's first, nay, a man's only duty, is to the fact, to the thing which is. But, in criticising "Enoch Arden," our friend has split upon the old rock of offence between the *Nominalist* and the *Realist*. It was quite plain, in Enoch's case, what were the names of the facts: it was not plain what the facts, in their own essence, really were. It is one thing to conform to "the thing that is"—that is

duty as well as conformity. It is another to conform to what people call the thing—that may be duty, or it may not. We do not say that Enoch was right, but we do say (and really it is almost too obvious to require saying), his was a difficult question. With regard to the children, the case is very obscure. Who can forget "Silas Marner"? Was it the duty of Eppie to go to her actual physical father, or to stay with the man who was morally her father? In Enoch's case, the children, after twelve years, would have entirely forgotten him, and would have become attached to the man who had filled for so long a father's place by seeing to their education, and who had now been accepted by their mother as the head of the circle. It is a terrible—a cruel story, and the "rights" of it would be differently decided upon by different people. But what has the poet to do with that? The function of the artist is not to teach morals. His work is done when he presents faithfully the Problem of Life, leaving the Theorem of Duty entirely alone, as out of his department. This is not new, but it is true, which is a good deal better.

Our task is still not complete. Enoch is abused for weakness, or worse, in disclosing his secret before he died. Well, the policy of such a case was an open question. He, poor fellow, thought any certainty would be better than suspense to Annie and Philip; and, feeling himself at death's door, told his secret to the landlady of the village inn, taking from her a solemn oath that she would not divulge it until after his death. He may have been unwise; but he may have been wise. At all events, Mr. Tennyson is not to be dogmatically put in the wrong by any critic of us all.

We should leave Mr. Tennyson still but imperfectly justified if (premising that Miriam is the woman who keeps the little inn where Enoch is staying after his return, and that Philip is a miller) we were to omit quoting the following lines:—

"This miller's wife,"
He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear know!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought,
"After the Lord has called me, she shall know:
I wait His time."

In this passage we see that Enoch, broken down in mind and body, might very well believe the kindest thing he could possibly do would be to take care Annie should know of his death when it had taken place. This single observation takes the whole of the sting out of the brutal criticism which is passed upon his conduct by our contemporary:—

Enoch has not the virtue to conduct his own miserable mistake to an end. He does not shield the inconstant woman. He betrays her. By his babble to the landlady he tells all the world that Philip and Annie are not man and wife, and puts evidence into the bellman's hand to declare that their child is a bastard. Had he drowned himself on the day of his return this open shame would have been spared to Annie Lee. But the fellow will not die in his pothouse until he has done everything to provide that on the day of his own funeral his wife shall die of a broken heart.

It is a great pity that Virtue so choice should cultivate a vocabulary so much the reverse of choice.

We must quit the subject, however, and pass on. But, let us earnestly beg of the reader to carry away with him a caution against being imposed upon by high "moral" flights of this kind. Some months ago we were having thrust in our faces as the title of a story (by a lady who has made the world her debtor) the idiotic question, "Can Wrong be Right?" It would have been just as reasonable to ask "Can 18 be 36?" or "Can X be Z?" The answer is, cheerfully, No, it can't; but what do you take by your motion? The question remains, What is Z? what is X? The knot is untied in a moment by reflecting that no terms whatever, except those of scientific first postulates, are of absolute significance; and that duty consists in fidelity to the truth of things. Thus, if the question is put, Was Annie the "wife" of Enoch on his return in the same sense as that in which she was his "wife" when he went away? the answer is No. We lack the right word for expressing the precise moral relations of the parties. It may not be necessary that we should have the word, but it is necessary that critics should not charge great poets with immorality for writing what seems to them conceived in conformity with the highest moral truth upon open questions.

In the course of the foregoing paragraphs we have, in fact, suggested the story of "Enoch Arden," which is told in blank verse—whether with more or less than Mr. Tennyson's usual power we cannot at all venture, at short notice, to pronounce. We feel no difficulty, however, in saying that we think the next long poem, "Aylmer's Field" (a tale, also in blank verse, of most unhappy love), includes a strain of passionately musical eloquence, which is of more sustained power than anything we ever had from the Poet Laureate. It is too long to be quoted at length, and we dare not think of mutilating it. Besides these idylls there are some old friends—"Sea Dreams" (which appeared in *Macmillan*, and which, we still insist, is very poor), "Tithonus" (*Cornhill* of some years back), which is almost intolerably beautiful; and the "Grandmother's Apology" (*Once a Week* of ever so long ago), which is also an absolutely perfect poem. Then there are the Experiments in Quantity verses (*Cornhill*), and along with them a splendid fragment—"Boadicea"—upon which we shall find an opportunity of saying something another time. But let no one run away with the idea that the volume, containing so much of what has been printed before, is not worth buying; for, to say nothing of the two leading poems, which occupy together more than half the book, there are some shorter pieces of such exquisite loveliness, considered as pieces of versification, that the reader is in danger of forgetting their significance. It is a cruel thing to select, but we cannot quote everything. First, will our readers please accept the piquant little parable called

THE FLOWER.
Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed,
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.
To and fro they went
Thro' my garden bower,
And, muttering discontent,
Cursed me and my flower.
Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.
Sow'd it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."
Read my little fable,
He that runs may read:
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.
And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

There is a short "Dedication," which is worth the Koh-i-noor:—

A DEDICATION.
Dear, near, and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he makes you ever more
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid life
Shoots to the fall—take this, and pray that he
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and, spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

Lastly, we will quote

THE SAILOR BOY.
He rose at dawn and fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.
And while he whistled long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
"O, boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie."
"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool!" he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home."

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'stay for shame,'
My father raves of death and wreck:
They are all to blame, they are all to blame."

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

We hope the hint contained in this last poem will not be lost on parents and others who are alarmed at finding the young and energetic eager for adventure. Active exercise in coping with physical difficulty often proves to be the divinely-appointed discipline for tendencies that might otherwise run riot into vice. "The Flower" will speak for itself, especially to criticism of a certain kind. On the whole, we think this new volume is more interesting to students of poetry than anything that has been published by Mr. Tennyson. But it has been said (and, in our opinion, most truly) that a real poem is like a violin—it must grow familiar to you before it can show all the music that is in it. We do not pretend to criticise offhand this volume, and shall only be too happy if our defence of "Enoch Arden" should send our readers to the poem itself.

Holiday Papers. By HARRY JONES, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, Soho. Robert Hardwicke.

There are some few people who pride themselves on working extra hard during their so-called holidays; and, indeed, the English are well known to have a trick of fatiguing themselves when taking their leisure. The Rev. Mr. Jones has no such way of enjoying himself, but works hard at his vocation, and really does rest and be thankful. His holidays, it is evident, are generally devoted to walks and rambles; and there is no objection to a rod or gun; but some little time is given to pen and ink. These holiday papers have already appeared in *Once a Week*, *Chambers' Journal*, and the *Leisure Hour*; and, although they are amongst the very lightest of the new-fashioned class of periodical literature, they will be liked for their amusing qualities and the manliness and amiability which they disclose. Mr. Jones goes over the scenes of his boyhood, youth, and manhood, and from the paradise of Berwick-street, Soho, describes his amusements or pastimes in a rambling manner which very soon becomes pleasant. His hints on holiday-making are excellent. His knowledge of railways out-knowledges railway directors. If he wants half a dozen vans to convey the poor school-children of his wretched parish to the freshness of the fields and groves, he knows the neatest and the springiest, and his experience and caution are more than a match for the well-known failings of frail van-drivers. He knows the best plans of providing dinner or tea, and the proper moment for presenting every little girl and boy with the inevitable bun. His position has flung him amongst human nature, especially with the hard-working and the poor. Some of his ideas would startle the philanthropists and the educationists; but we cannot help seeing "something in it" when he recognises a certain fitness of things in the labouring man devoting part of his evening to a little rough language, leading to nothing wrong, instead of cultivating finikin manners and the use of the globes. Many of these various papers are on natural history, and they are invariably observant and amusing. The chapter on dogs, recommended to the notice of the admirers of "Rab and his Friends," is amongst the best in the book. It shows a thorough comprehension and love of canine nature. The circumlocution of the Stamp Office is well hit off, and also such subjects as Greenwich dinners, seaside life, and sightseeing. The sketches of French country life are fresh and vivid, and, after "Going Abroad," the volume concludes appropriately with "Back Again." "Holiday Papers" is just like all unpretentious things—fifty times better than the pretentious.

Mysterious Legends of Edinburgh, now for the First Time told in Print. By ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, Author of "Curious Stories Traditions," &c. Edinburgh: Nimmo.

These stories, some of which have been rattling about Edinburgh for nearly a century, are worthy of being collected and adorned by literary skill. They are of a kind which can lose or gain nothing by time. The actual points, or leading ideas, of the stories are small, and generally turn upon some trick, and therefore it is next to impossible that even a century of gossip can have deprived them of their reality or spoiled it by unnecessary addition. The literature proper, therefore, must be ascribed solely to Mr. Leighton, who writes well and keeps his points for the last, as all story-tellers do not, and actually makes up many substantial characters from flashes of the very shadowiest tradition. But he has somewhat impeded the march of his forces by tedious dissertations, and he has that fatal gift of Scotchmen, a talent for a somewhat over pedantic humour. However, the stories are all good, and will be read with scrutinising interest. Such oddities as "Brownies" are there; but, in general, there is nothing to excite alarm, although the story of "Mrs. Col. Corbet's Amputated Toe" is, at the best, a grim series of scenes. "The Old Bureau" is an old, old story, indeed, but its interest is as fresh as ever, and it is beautifully told. "Lord Kaim's Puzzle" is a well kept-up secret—well kept up to the last page, in which the extra phenomenon of a child stillborn being still living is explained by the unexpected testimony to the birth of twins. "Deacon Macgillivray's Disappearance" is another excellent story. Two brothers, one of whom had avowed his enmity of the other, disappeared at about the same time. Then there is found a paper, inscribed "Deacon Macgillivray, Borthwick's-close, Edinburgh, killed on the 19th," and fratricide is at once assumed. But it turns out that the brothers had met and embraced after an estrangement of years, and had suddenly gone off into the country together. Of course, the paper was simply the direction of a present of game, which had been stolen on the passage, and the letter explaining the country trip had miscarried. That kind of story is not exactly new, and it generally ends with a hanging; but the Deacon's Disappearance has the advantage of a happy termination. Ten stories, all replete with quaint interest, fill up this peculiar volume, which, by-the-way, is graced with some excellent wood engravings.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The long continued fine weather has exercised a very beneficial influence on the attendances at the Crystal Palace. Up to the end of July the numbers had been more numerous than in any preceding year, not excepting the Great Exhibition year of 1862. August, however, is always considered the great month for the Crystal Palace. The Odd Fellows and Foresters, and other great associations, hold their festive days in this month. The Foresters' great day takes place next Tuesday, and is looked forward to with unusual interest by the various lodges and associations. A very interesting collection of modern paintings belonging to Mr. Price, one of the directors of the company, will remain on view up to the Foresters' day inclusive. By the kind liberality, also, of Sir Joseph Paxton, the gardens and grounds of his beautiful residence at Rockhills, adjoining the palace, have been thrown open for a few days, and visitors to the palace are allowed to pass through them. The Pneumatic Passenger Railway—one of the most interesting experiments in railway locomotion which have been invented for some time past—will from Monday next also be available to the public. A great variety of additional attractions have also been added to the ordinary inducements to visit the palace.

WASTE OF LIFE IN THE AMERICAN WAR.—An ingenious "calculator" in Jefferson county, New York, has been "footing" up some of the losses of the war, and the result of one section of his calculations amounts to these facts:—that enough men have already been slain to encircle the entire State of New York, if their bodies were laid in one continuous line; that if they were placed in coffins and corded they would count 39,000 cords; that if laid in a wall 25 ft. thick and 30 ft. high it would be over a mile in length; that if piled on a ten-acre lot they would be nearly 200 ft. high; that if laid upon the ground they would cover every foot of soil in Jefferson County; and, finally, that 75,000 tons of human blood have been spilt in Dixie's Land—enough to turn every spindle in Lowell. Nay, if the tears were added to the blood it would turn the machinery of the entire continent, and the unavailing sighs would fill every ocean sail.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE JUGGERNAUT SATURNALIA IN INDIA.

THE Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* gives the following account of the recent celebration of the rites attendant on the festival of the Hindoo idol Juggernaut, as witnessed by himself:—

THE FESTIVAL.

The Snan Jatra and the Ruth Jatra are still two of the greatest festivals of Hindooism. They form the great Juggernaut saturnalia, so widely celebrated. Tens of thousands of persons, of all classes and ages, flock to attend them; women will walk thirty or forty miles in a day, carrying their children astride on their hips, to be present; and on the nights preceding the principal days the roadsides are filled with men, women, and children, lying down asleep, wearied out with their long march. In former times many were in the habit of increasing the general happiness by throwing themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. That pleasure, as I thought, is now denied them. Government decided that it was better for them not to commit self-murder. I will tell you presently how far they heed the Government. The festival began on Sunday, the 19th of June, by the priests bringing forth the god to be bathed. It ended on the 6th of the present month, when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people and the god was replaced in his home. I went to see both these ceremonies, and you may, perhaps, have some curiosity to know how the Hindoos, upon whose education we are spending so much time and thought, perform their religious rites at the present day within twenty miles of the capital of the empire.

THE CROWDS AND THE IDOL.

The enjoyment of a Bengalee out for a holiday consists in his eating pan till he is utterly stupefied, and making as much noise as the means which nature has given him will admit of. On the Sunday morning I speak of they swarmed along under the influence of these pleasures, quite heedless of the temperature, which naturally was the first thing that struck the European. A June day in the plains of Bengal is not a good time for going out to see sights. On this occasion the thermometer marked 105 deg., and the ground beneath one's feet was like hot lava. Once fairly in the steaming crowd, the atmosphere was simply horrible, but the Hindoos thoroughly enjoyed it. The great living stream was suddenly stopped by a procession, which turned out of a narrow lane. It was preceded by tall fellows carrying silver wands, headed by an old one-eyed devotee, who looked ready either to worship his deity or commit a murder on the spur of the moment. Then came a horde of latee-wallahs—men carrying sticks to keep off the mob; then a few musicians, and after them the object to which every eye was turned, and to which every one was paying reverence by joining the hands and bringing them to the forehead in a supplicatory manner. This was the god Krishna, a little ugly wooden figure, dressed in bright colours and gold, and playing on a pipe. He sat on a sort of throne, and he had a canopy over his head to keep his blessed brains from adding in the sun. Behind him came a vast tumultuous throng, ten times as numerous as that which ordinarily closes a London procession, but less boisterous and wild, for your Bengalee is a man of peace, and hates to get his head broken.

With immense shouting they carried this potentate to a large platform, on which were already assembled a crowd of Hindoos, ministering to certain huge blocks of wood, hideously daubed with red and yellow in the human likeness. One of these immense heads had an arm beneath it, made of brass, and with the open hand outstretched. Into this hand the pious poured two and four anna pieces, or pice, and the priests swept the money away as fast as the hollow palm was filled. The figure was Juggernaut himself. I asked a native who stood by what was done with the money. He replied to me by begging a cheroot—so rapid is the march of intellect in this country. Every now and then a tall lank figure came to the front of the platform and waved his long skinny arms wildly about; this is the signal for the crowd to shout, and they obeyed it without hesitation, and stood looking vacantly at the two gods on the platform and at Krishna. The sweetmeat and pan sellers went continually among them, and there were also men selling rude images of animals, coloured a very bright red or blue. A scarlet and green cow sold for half an anna. This went on for a long time without any variation, except when the contributions flagged, and the priests came forwards and cried out, and tom-toms were beaten and cymbals clashed around the gods. The people stood very patiently talking and toying with each other, after the Bengalee manner, until the priests brought some water from the holy Gunga and dashed it over Juggernaut. Then the crowd set up a tremendous shout, and for a moment or two seemed excited. The money flowed in more briskly than ever, for now the god was bathed and his spirit was appeased. By-and-by the rain fell in torrents, and these thousands of people dragged along the dreary roads or through the jungle to their huts reeking with damp and malaria.

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

The previous part of the festival was a farce; that which followed on the Wednesday was a tragedy—a most sickening and revolting tragedy, which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust. The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it had ever been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, hideous masks, trumpery Birmingham ware, and images of Juggernaut, Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous copy of a country fair. There were whistles and tom-toms, shellfish, smelling horribly in the sun; huge "jack" fruit, some damaged pineapples, and here and there a rudely-contrived "merry-go-round," with stout baboos enjoying the sport which that machine is capable of furnishing. There were nautch girls, hideously ugly, chanting their drawing, monotonous strains to the music of an old fiddle and a tom-tom. Then there were little acrobats, who made "Catherine wheels" like the boys who run, or used to run, by the side of omnibuses in London streets. There was also a stereoscope, with views of the last Great Exhibition, on show at one pice each person. The confusion was indescribable, and when a shower of rain came on, as happily it did once or twice, the throng seemed to get tied up in a knot and to be incapable of disentangling itself, or of doing anything but roll helplessly from one side of the road to the other.

The centres of attraction were the two Juggernaut cars. These are immense lumbering masses of wood, about 60 ft. in height, carved into all sorts of angles, and decorated on every square inch with figures of the deities. They are constructed in four stories, so to speak, and upon each of these a crowd of Brahmins and their friends were collected. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the front of the car. They moved upon six heavy wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous. Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the cars, which were at some distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently-painted idols, afterwards decorated with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not till nearly four in the afternoon that a big gong was beaten on the topmost division of the first car, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red cloth, was brought to the spot. A rope was fastened to him, and with much exertion he was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered him, and the crowd salaamed to him in their usual fashion. A huge ugly thing he was, with enormous eyes, painted black with a broad white rim around them. Then another god was brought, and hoisted up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The crowd meanwhile kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmins—dirty, common-looking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahminical thread over their shoulders. When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one blue and the other white, each with a thick tail sticking up at an angle of 90 degrees.

These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding by a rope.

At this time the scene was extraordinary. Close by the side of the car was a large native house, broken and crumbling, like most native houses. Through iron bars in front of this house some women were peering, and on the roof there were more women of the zenana, with an old crone keeping watch and guard over them. On the other side of the road was a Juggernaut temple, crowded with women. The road itself was quite impassable for the crowds of people, whose oily bodies and dirty ways did not improve the flavour of the heated atmosphere. Far as the eye could reach, this throng extended; and when a thousand gongs were set beating and the Brahmins called upon the people, a thrill of wild excitement ran through this enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed, and multitudes rushed to them, eager for the honour of pulling their deity along. On the car itself there could scarcely have been less than 200 men. Perhaps there were 1000 pulling at the ropes; but they pulled for a long time in vain. The car had been in one place for a whole year, and had made a deep hole for itself by its great weight. Again and again the Brahmins shouted and gesticulated, laughing among themselves. At last the mob happened to pull together instead of one after the other, and the huge mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as if it had been a living creature. It stopped, and for a few minutes the crowd stood in almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins again gave the signal, and this time it crushed out a life with every revolution of its hideous wheels, covered as they were with human flesh and gore.

The vast multitude seemed suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium. They fought and struggled with each other to get near the car, which had stopped as if by magic. They stooped down, and peered beneath its wheels, and rose with scared faces to tell their friends of the sight. I made my way to the back of the car, and there saw upon the ground a very old woman, all wrinkled and puckered up, with scarcely a lineament of her face recognisable for blood and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a thread, the wheels had passed over the centre of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the crowd offered to move her, or raise her miserable grey head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares, while the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could well be written upon a human countenance. The mob cried that there were more under the car, and when I looked beneath it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three chokeydars here made their appearance and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheels I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels and fastened itself like some insatiable monster in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the car upon these poor wretches with perfect unconcern, and were even signalling for the crowd to pull again; but the few policemen present made them drag the car back, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels. The mob cried out, "Ape, ape"—that they did it of their own accord; and, indeed, there was no appearance of an accident. Their bodies were far under the car, where they could scarcely have got unless they had laid themselves down in front. I saw two other men lying there when the car first stopped, but they got up and walked away. The three bodies were placed together, and the car was dragged on by the people once more. I did not stay to see whether its track was made in fresh blood.

FRENCH SAILORS.

It appears strange to Englishmen that the French should be proud of their sailors; but the fact is, their countrymen admire them not so much because they are sailors as because they are Frenchmen. They would admire me, or you, or your dog, if you, or myself, or your canine friend happened to be French, which, fortunately for all of us, and especially for Carlo, we are not. We say especially for Carlo—assuming that to be his name—because dogs are less appreciated in France even than men. The French are an intelligent, generous, and sympathetic people, with all their little faults, and they honour a noble action or a great man as they adore a pretty woman. But really they know nothing about dogs. We have seen a Breton sportsman of something like eminence go out shooting in company with an animal which he thought fit to call his English pointer, and which was nothing but a cross between a bad sort of Scotch terrier and a poodle. The title of "bull-dog," or rather of "boule-dogue," is bestowed upon any sort of cur that happens to be looked upon as dangerous by its French proprietor, the Frenchman being utterly ignorant of the physiognomy and general points (otherwise unmistakable enough, one would think) of the brute whose name he loves to take in vain. Look, again, at that enormous half-bred spaniel, which its Parisian mistress, with delightful naïveté, calls her "King Charles." Probably she does not know the meaning of these words; but even if she does, and if she intends seriously to assert that that overgrown mongrel belongs to the celebrated breed named after the English monarch, and which is now nearly extinct, she must be capable of mistaking mules for racehorses and Paris for the civilised world. She, after all, only commits an error which would not be disavowed by half the patrons of Le Sport in the French metropolis.

The French fall into similar errors respecting their horses. A Parisian gentleman with aspirations to an equestrian reputation will mount his wretched hack and boldly speak of it as "non racer"—as if, too, it were desirable to ride racers about the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. However, if all the Parisian hacks are not racers, it must be admitted that most of the racers are undeniable hacks. In fact, the French nation know nothing about dogs, nothing about horses, nothing about boxers (this latter assertion it would be quite superfluous to dwell upon), and, finally, nothing about sailors.

Of course, though, on the principle we have already enunciated, the French, having sailors, feel bound to be proud of them. We believe, to look at home, that there are Englishmen who are guilty of similar absurdities, and who are so patriotic as to admire the tasteless toilets which disfigure the great majority of our otherwise beautiful women, our moribund theatre, and our indigestible cookery. But we have only to deal now with the faults of our neighbours.

The French sailor, then, whatever we may say of him, is accepted by his country as a national institution. Let us respect him accordingly; but let us also see in what respect he differs from our own British tar. First of all, the French sailor is brave. Indeed, if that were not the case, there would not be much merit in vanquishing him. But the French carpenter, the French bricklayer—all Frenchmen, in fact, except a few who, as in other countries, think of nothing but their shop-windows—are also brave. Courage is one of their great national qualities which no one thinks of denying, whatever may be said of their powers of endurance or of their skill in any particular branch of warfare—such, for instance, as marine warfare.

The French sailor's inferiority to the English one appears to us to consist not in any deficiency of courage, but in want of seamanship. The English are said to be more daring sailors than the French; but this only means that they know their profession better. We do not find the French deficient in daring when there is a redoubt to be taken or a city to be stormed; and the mere fact of putting him on board a ship cannot effect a change in a man's mental or moral qualities any more than sea-sickness apart—it can make him stronger or weaker. When an English Admiral anchors his fleet closer in to land than the French commander with vessels of the same size will venture to go, he does it not because he has more courage, but rather because he possesses more knowledge and skill than his adversary. The Frenchman thinks he couldn't do it, the Englishman is certain he can. Otherwise, the French no more fear death than we do, and they certainly love success and glory quite as passionately.

The French have often admitted our superior seamanship, especially since the introduction of steam, and they endeavour to persuade themselves now that, thanks to the general adoption of the screw in their service as in ours, we shall no longer be able to out-maneuvre them as formerly. We are of opinion that our French friends are in error on this point. Compared with the English, they are no more capable of manœuvring a steamer now than they were of manœuvring a sailing-vessel fifty years since. To understand this it is only necessary to see a French captain take a steamer into harbour and then see the same operation performed by English sailors commanded by an Englishman.

There are many reasons why the French should always be inferior to the English sailors. In the first place, the French seacoast is smaller absolutely, and much smaller relatively, than ours. The naval forces of France are nearly on a par with those of Great Britain, but its maritime population is far from adequate to their support, and a large proportion of our neighbours' seamen are merely landmen who have been sent to sea. Then there are but few volunteers in the French naval service—scarcely so many as in the French army, where they certainly do not abound—and those who are not taken from the mercantile marine are levied from the mass of the population by conscription. A striking proof of the inferiority of position occupied in public opinion by the sailor, as compared with the soldier, is to be found in all the French circuses, where the hero of the grand patriotic dramas is invariably chosen from the army, the navy being seldom, if ever, represented on these boards. Yet France has had her naval heroes, and she has a naval history in several volumes, and a prodigious number of naval novels, also in several volumes. It is a remarkable fact that the best sailors in France are Bretons—Brittany having been colonised from Wales and Cornwall. Might it not be shown that their merit is in exact proportion to the amount of English and Welsh blood in their veins? In the meanwhile, we call attention to the point, convinced that some patriot who is also an ethnologist, or some ethnologist who is also a patriot, will feel it his duty to take it up.

H. S. E.

A RAILWAY LYRIC.

O lazy clerk, that stittest in the dark,
Awake, and send a message, like a dove
With olive-branch unto a little ark!
Go take this merry message to my love!

O lazy clerk, awake the sleeping wires,
And let my thought flash swifter than the light!
Go tell my love that when the sunset fires,
I shall be with her, ushering the night!

And so we go, along the snow,
And past the frozen rivers;
The lazy streams are in their dreams,
No willow o'er them shivers:
We roll along, with jest and song,
Between the whitened ridges;
We whistle and shriek in maddest freak,
Beneath the startled bridges!

And so be merry, my love, my love,
Though friends and fortune lower;
For hither I come to thee, my love,
At sixty miles an hour!

With galloping stride we swiftly ride
And pass the dullard stations,
And out and in the whirling din
Disturbs the fir plantations;
Our whistle thrills along the hills,
And screams in merry malice;
And runs in riot to kill the quiet
Of all the dozing valleys!

And so be merry, my love, my love,
Though friends and fortune lower;
For hither I come to thee, my love,
At sixty miles an hour!

The telegraph wires divide the spires
Of little country churches,
And cut in shreds the rounded heads
Of elms, and oaks, and birches;
The demon coke dissolves in smoke,
Like Hassan in the story;
And steam as white as morning light
Floats upward into glory!

And so be merry, my love, my love,
Though friends and fortune lower;
For hither I come to thee, my love,
At sixty miles an hour!

My senses swim, my eyes are dim,
Like sullen Saul of Tarshish;
I cannot see the vapour flee
Afar across the marshes;
For in a maze I seem to gaze
Upon a northern maiden,
Who sighs for me as yearningly
As Venus did for Adon!

And so be merry, my love, my love,
Though friends and fortune lower;
For hither I come to thee, my love,
At sixty miles an hour!

We rush and scream, as in a dream,
Past lawns and trees and fountains,
Until we view the dusky blue
Of distant northern mountains.
Lo! see arise, into the skies,
The smoky city's splendour,
Where waiteth she, my love, for me,
Pray Heaven a blessing send her!

And so be merry, my love, my love,
Though friends and fortune lower;
For hither I come to thee, my love,
At sixty miles an hour!

The day has waned; now slack thy fiery speed,
O engine, rid of all thy sore turmoil!
The carriage-door is open'd; I am freed;
I stand upon my native northern soil.

I look along the crowd with eager eyes,
I see one face that longs to be caressed;
She hastens hither; to my arms she flies!
O little dove, be welcome to thy nest!

St. James's Magazine.

WILLIAM BLACK.

A LION UNDER THE SURGEON'S KNIFE.—For some time past the great African lion belonging to the Zoological Society of Brussels has been suffering from disease in the feet, which necessitated the cutting of its claws. In order to do this without danger, a large box was prepared with a grated bottom, covered by a wooden floor, which could be withdrawn so as to allow the lion's feet to pass between the bars. The top of the box was also made to descend by means of screws so as to press on the animal and prevent it drawing in its feet. When the lion entered the box, the latter was turned on its side and the sliding bottom withdrawn. The paws then slipped between the bars, and the screws above were tightened. M. Thiernasse, assisted by five pupils of the Veterinary School, then proceeded to cut away the claws. The patient bore the operation tolerably well, only uttering a short roar occasionally, and seemed relieved when the first paw had been cut and dressed. A keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head and endeavoured to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect. The operation was successfully performed, and there is every reason to believe that the cure will be complete.



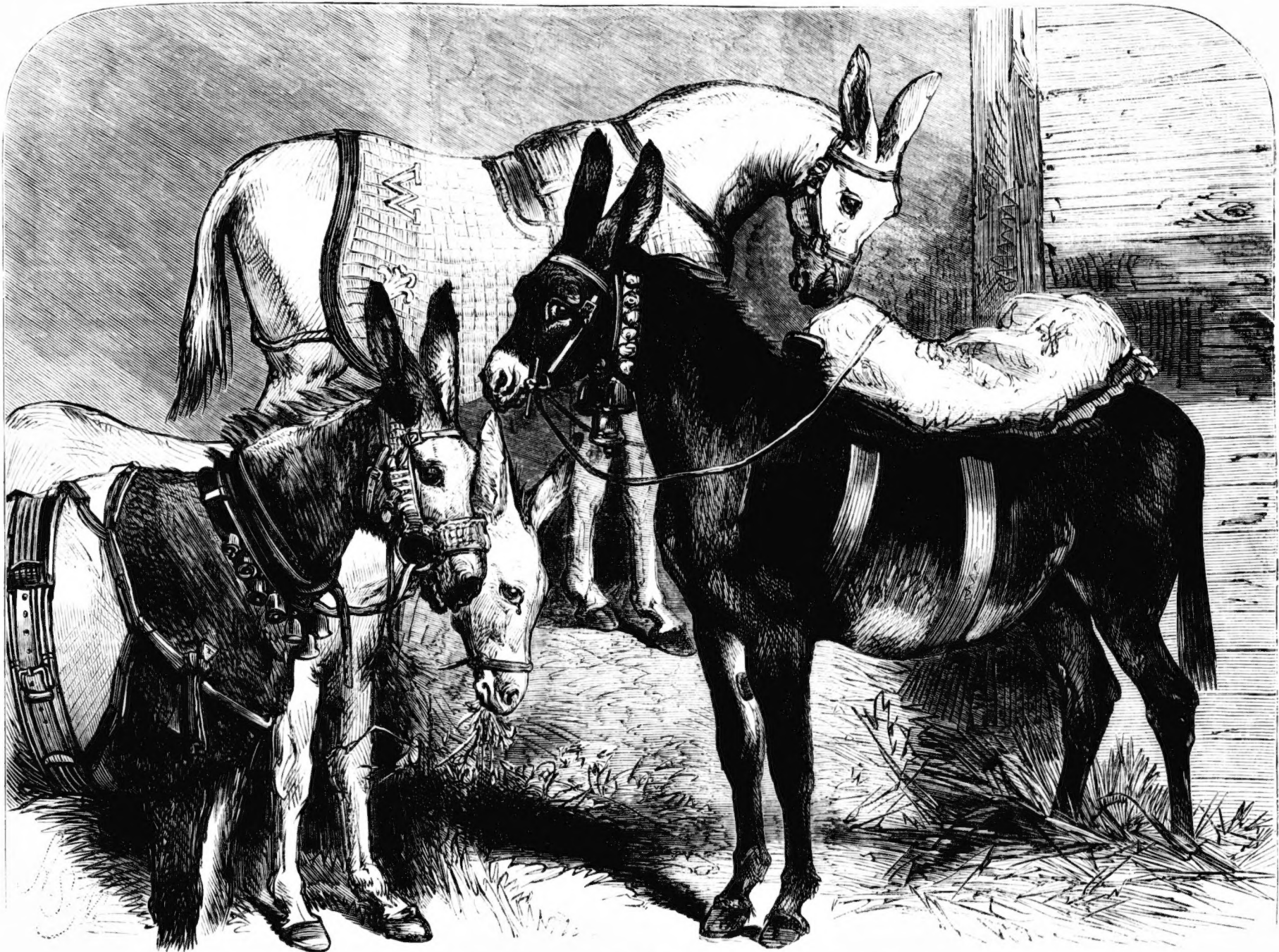
HUNGARIAN SWINEHERD ON THE BANKS OF THE TISZA—(FROM A DRAWING BY VALERIO.)

THE SWINEHERD IN HUNGARY.

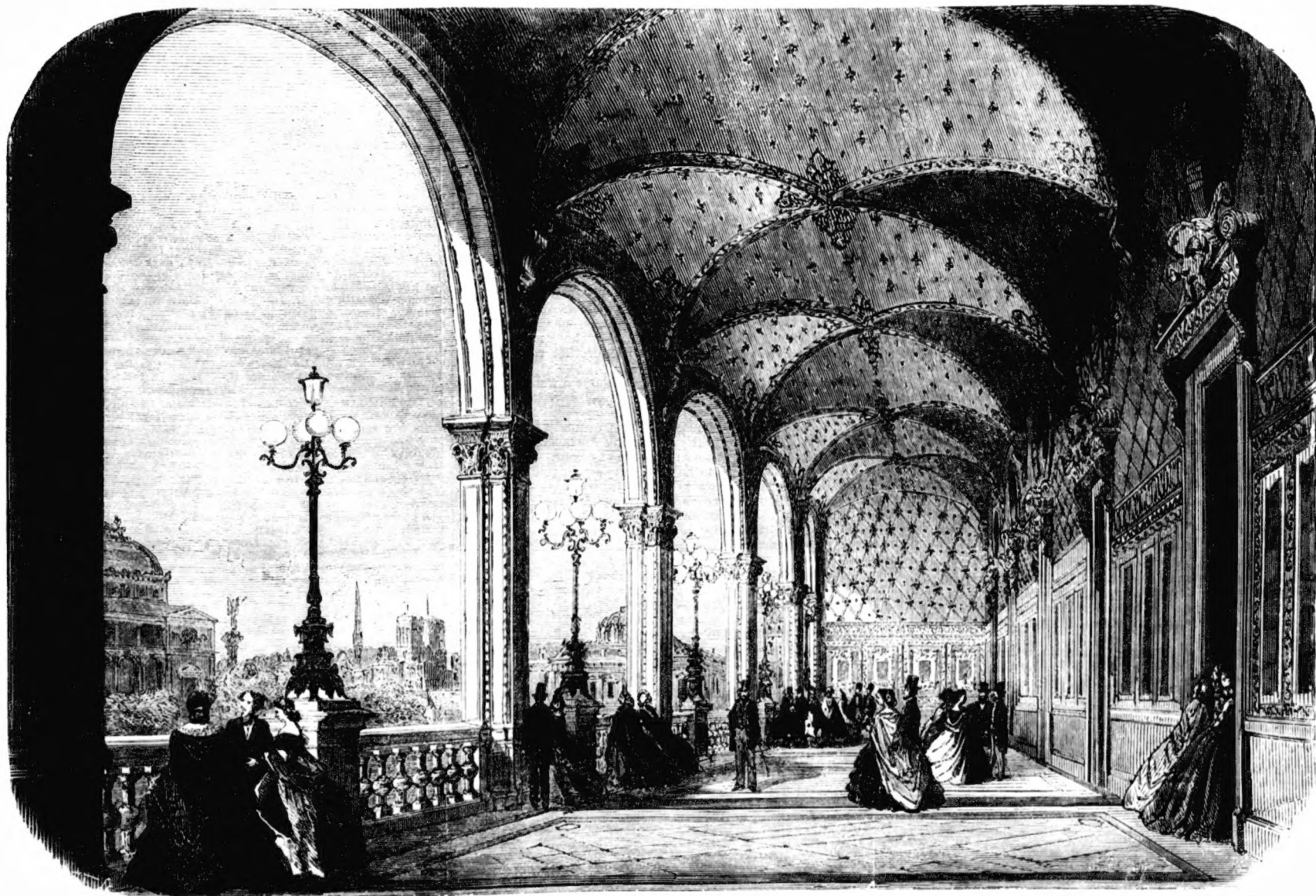
NOTWITHSTANDING the antiquity and the general political interest of the Hungarian nation, it is only during the last few years that the English public has really known much about the people or the land that they inhabit. The excitement and admiration which the revolt against Austria occasioned, and the subsequent interest manifested in Kossuth and some other Hungarian leaders, have been strangely supplemented by the revelation of the great natural

resources of the country which was made in the Exhibition of 1862. It may be safely asserted that not one-tenth of the visitors to the various courts in that wonderful collection had ever regarded Hungary as a land of such large and varied produce until they were astonished by the extraordinary display in the Austrian court, where the oppressed and sometimes despised territory of the Magyars, the Scythians, and the various tribes of the Danube and the Theiss seemed to be by nature a land of plenty, where corn and wine might

well increase. Since that time the wine has come into use amongst the British public who were on the lookout for a cheap and wholesome red and white dinner beverage; and the brandy has, by its cheapness and good quality, gone far to supersede the thick dark fluid which was formerly sold. Of the corn, although its quality as displayed at the World's Show was fine and the ear large and firm, the last year's crops failed, and the brave people have been pinched with famine.



THE MULE AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



OPEN GALLERY LEADING TO THE PUBLIC SALON OF THE THEATRE DU CHATELET, PARIS.

So rich and numerous are the productions of this splendid country, however, that we may well echo the words of the old traveller who declared that as in Hungary there was everything worth living for, so no other land was worth living in. Whether the narrow and oppressive tyranny of the Austrian Government will permit this natural wealth to be developed in our time seems at present so doubtful, that we can scarcely wonder at the frequent indifference of the people themselves, and at the fierce irritation with which they gird at those who, like the dog in the manger, occupy their fairest territory and neglect to give them the benefit of its bounty. The wheat and maize, the figs, the grapes, and the chestnuts of the great plains traversed by the two great rivers; the glorious Tokay of the Hegyalla hills; the hemp and rape seed of the marshes; the tobacco of the central regions; the vast flocks and herds of the great forest tracts; the mines of copper, iron, gold, silver, and coal in Transylvania and the frontier country; the opals, gems, and porphyry rocks near the vines of Tokay—all these form the natural wealth of this people, who, entirely apart from their Austrian conquerors in manners, race, and customs, are yet unable to enjoy the advantages of a national government. In Transylvania—the principality which lies at the eastern extremity of the Austrian empire, and has Hungary Proper on its northern side—the fruitfulness of the land is equally remarkable, although the climate alternates from excessive heat to severe cold. It is in the great lonely forests and on the wild plains of this region that those great herds of swine are fed which attract the attention of the traveller no less than the singular and almost majestic appearance of the solitary men whose business it is to keep them. These swineherds belong to tribes of men whose very names are scarcely known in the records of civilisation—wandering people, like the Tziganes and other nomadic families, who furnish some of the most remarkable types of modern life. The man represented in our Engraving is one of the Kondas, whose occupation is frequently that of swineherds, and who, belonging to a time when their race was subject to old traditions and they were of some importance in the land, are not for a moment to be confounded with ordinary shepherds. Marching solemnly in those plains at the head of their grunting herds, these men have a proud bearing, which, in connection with their picturesque costume, preserves their identity as decidedly as the bournouse does that of the Arab, to whom, indeed, their serene and solemn manner, acquired by the solitary lives they lead, causes them to bear no small resemblance.

THE MULE AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE ISLINGTON AGRICULTURAL HALL.

THE event of last week in London was the mule and donkey show in the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Every species of animal, biped and quadruped, is pretty well exhibited now. Recently there has been a show of old men and women, and the season is just arriving when we shall have the annual trotting-out of aged agricultural labourers and their wives, the parents of rows of chubby-faced urchins "as 'av been reared in their own cottage, and 'as never had no parochial relief." Dog shows are an institution, and in north London there is a Sanitarium for delicate and destitute members of the canine race; but up to last week it had remained for our philanthropists to give model donkeys their due reward. Since the days of Balaam, the "Jerusalem pony" has had a hard life of it. Man has ever been his oppressor; but the donkey is not an unresisting slave. A visit to the Agricultural Hall last week enabled one to see proofs innumerable of this. Races were advertised for each day of the show, and afforded no small amount of amusement. At four o'clock about a dozen asses on four feet entered the immense arena, which was surrounded (as a cynical critic remarked) by a dense mass of asses on two. The donkeys were mounted by butchers' boys and costermongers dressed in ragged coloured calicoes. Starters were in attendance, and the competitors were brought to the post; but all efforts to accomplish anything like a fair start were an utter failure. No whips were allowed to the jockeys, but they shouted and kicked, while the starters shoved, and all to no purpose. Several of the donkeys stood stock-still; others moved forward at a snail's gallop, and others deliberately turned round, putting their heads where their tails ought to have been. Ultimately they were let off any way they liked to go, and not any two kept side by side, or in anything like the same track. A few of them lay down and refused to rise, and one or two rolled themselves round and round on the tan, and then, holding their legs aloft, rattled their hoofs together with a triumph that set the spectators in a roar and drove the jockeys to madness. One costermonger, determined that his donkey should go round the course, took him upon his shoulders, and ran with him to the winning-post. About a score or so of working asses were exhibited, and, with about half a dozen exceptions, they were very ordinary-looking specimens. One was shown by a poor man, who employs it in drawing coals and greengrocery, and a really beautiful animal it is. It is as plump as an apple, and its coat is as fine as silk. A few of the mules were also very handsome, especially a pure white one, which obtained the third prize. The Earl of Clarendon exhibited two large English mules, which are very strong, and no doubt useful, but certainly not symmetrical. The Egyptian ass exhibited by the Prince of Wales was, perhaps, as much indebted to his ownership as to his own merits for the attention he received. He was examined with respectful minuteness from snout to tail. This animal is white, and taller and prettier than the donkey ordinarily seen in this country. At the close of the exhibition the Royal donkey was removed from the public gaze; but he was photographed in the building. Thousands purchased his carte, which was for sale there, and are thus enabled to place him in their albums as one of the distinguished personages of the day. These exhibitions may do some good in inducing the London costermongers to treat their donkeys better than they do now; but probably for any extensive improvement in this direction we must trust still to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At all events, Miss Burdett Coutts, the Bishop of London, and the other promoters of the show movement, deserve every credit for their excellent intentions; and certainly nothing but a desire to assist in a good work could have induced the Prince of Wales to send his donkey to the exhibition.

Our Engraving represents the donkeys which took the first, second, third, and fourth prizes, the most conspicuous animal in the group being the Prince of Wales's Egyptian. The others belong to Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Gurney, and Lady Cecil.

THE SALOON OF THE THEATRE IMPERIAL DU CHATELET.

MANY of our readers who remember the old cirque in Paris, and the wonderful exhibition of equestrian feats to be seen there, will scarcely have paid a visit to the new cirque, which occupies one of the theatres erected by the city upon the Place du Chatelet, and has consequently relinquished its old name for that of the Théâtre Impérial du Chatelet.

The original Cirque, devoted to equestrian and acrobatic exercises, was opened in 1780, in the Faubourg du Temple, by the celebrated English horse-master Astley, who attained such marked success that he desired to remove to a more central part of the city, and a gigantic building was erected for him by the assistance of the Duke of Orleans in the garden of the Palais Royal. Evil times came before he could take possession of it, however, and, in the darkness of the political horizon, he remained at the Temple while the intended cirque was opened for the meetings of the political societies. After his association with Astley, Franconi became the great authority on equestrian performances; and in 1800 he established a cirque near the garden of the old Capuchin convent at the commencement of the Rue de la Paix, until the Rue Castiglione was opened, in 1807, when he transferred his "pitch" to Rue Mount Thabor and Rue St. Honoré. Again, the erection of the Treasury compelled him to remove to the Temple, and here, in 1826, he was burnt out, and held a temporary circus on the Boulevard, while the

theatres gave him benefits to enable him to recover his losses. Once more the construction of a new street shouldered him out of the way, and he then resigned in favour of M. Dejean, who obtained permission to erect the Cirque on the Champs Elysées with which we commenced this random gossip.

The new theatre, however, while it faithfully maintains all the dramatic traditions and exhibits all the spectacles of the original Cirque, is an admirable example of what may be effected in a theatre for the comfort and pleasure of the audience. In London we have over and over again been threatened with unheard-of improvements, and portions of theatres devoted to the audience have received long Latin names; but still we sit and stifle in the pit where vendors of frothy beer and damaged fruit scrape our knees with their baskets, still we breathe foul air in the upper boxes whither we are doomed after having yielded to the demands of extortionate officials, and still any refreshment taken within the theatre, or at a counter in a crowded, suffocating ante-room, is charged for as though there were no public-houses outside.

Now in the new Cirque of Paris all those threatened improvements have been adopted which are still wanting in London even at the opera houses. The lighting, the space for the spectators, and the beautiful decorations leave nothing to be desired; but, beside these, there are magnificent saloons which are reached by galleries in front of the building, one of which is represented in our Engraving, and here the public may either obtain refreshment at a reasonable price or enjoy a promenade during the intervals in the performance. We should, indeed, be glad to learn that the enterprising management of the London theatres would, before their next "improvements," pay a visit to the Théâtre Impérial du Chatelet, and translate some of its details into English, along with the next comedy "adapted from the French."

FINE ARTS.

THE EXHIBITION OF ART-UNION PRIZES.

WHEN the Art-Union was instituted, with a view to the encouragement of art, it was feared by many that the sole encouragement it would render would be to the revival of lottery-gambling. Now, when it must be arriving pretty nearly at years of discretion, let us see what it has really done. The lottery is not re-established, but has it encouraged art? We venture to doubt it, and should be inclined to think that it has disappointed alike the expectations of its friends and the forebodings of its opponents.

At all events, there is no sign in this exhibition of an advance of popular taste. The authorities of the Art-Union are anxious to explain that they cannot control the vagaries of prizeholders, so that they are really trying to disclaim the very influence they were appointed to regulate.

There is one thing to be admitted—that all the best pictures painted are purchased by dealers and others on the easel, but the private views have always a sufficient selection of meritorious paintings, and at these the prizeholder is on an equality with the general purchaser—nay, is better off, because he doesn't have to pay his money as well as take his choice.

It is the fashion to abuse the dealers as "middlemen," but they are the greatest encouragers of art after all, as the artists themselves will tell you. How far the Art-Union encourages it by opening a market for the studio-nature of facile hands like Mr. Boddington or the signboard school of Mr. Clint remains to be proved.

Coming to this selection by the Art-Union prizeholders at the Society of British Artists, after the season's round of all the picture-galleries, we expected to meet again with pleasure some of those gems which we mentally checked off as "what we should like to have." Alas! in very few instances do we come upon familiar friends, and we leave the gallery with an impression that we have been looking at the sweepings of the exhibition instead of a selection of prizes.

It must be remembered that this is a verdict on the general character of the show. There are here and there some noteworthy exceptions. The £200 prize (won by Captain Brewer) is one of these—"The Bishopston Valley," by Mr. G. Sant, which we see to better advantage here than we could in Trafalgar-square. Of the two, we should perhaps have selected Mr. Sant's British Institution work; but they are both excellent pictures. The £150 prizes are instances of what the Art-Union has not done to educate taste. Mr. Crosby's "Pastor's Visit," with its pretty misery, feeble sentiment, and vigorous obtrusion of the accessories is one; the other is Mr. Clint's "Henley Regatta." Mr. Ryder, the winner of this prize, has perhaps a local interest, which excuses his choice. Of the £100 prizes, Mr. Gosling's "English Home" is a really good painting; and so is Mr. A. Williams's "Pass of St. Gothard."

Among the prizes of smaller amount, those which claim mention chiefly are Mr. Moore's "Harvest Fields," one of the most charmingly truthful studies of nature we have seen this year—selected by a lady with more even than the usual taste of her sex; Mr. Bonavia's "Girl and Dandie Dimont;" Mr. Pitt's "Kingswear," a work displaying a vivid appreciation of colour—the pier is a study of rich tone; Mr. Smith's "Virginia Water," a capital sunset effect; Mr. Wilson's "Cottages at Lyminge;" Mr. Powell's "Beggar," dirt cheap at £15; Mr. Oakes's "Mildam;" and Mr. Dillon's "Vine-trellis."

Mr. Boddington is in full force with a somewhat wearying repetition of the same effect of water, sky, and mountain. Mr. Percy has a picture which, with his besetting failing of too "magenta" a tinge in his purples, is, nevertheless, very pleasing. Mr. Pitt has other pictures here besides "Kingswear" which are good; and Mr. Wilson is "at sea," as usual, with great success.

The pictures which do not bear evidence to the humanising influences of the Art-Union are, we fear, somewhat numerous. There is, of course, a scene from Shakespeare by Mr. Donaldson, and "Companions in Mischief," by Mr. Sidley, which we set down internally as soon as we saw it as destined for some such fate. Then there is "The Semstress," after the style of "The Pastor's Visit," with people making very ugly faces to show that they are not happy.

We must not pass to the water colours without a word of praise for Mr. A. J. Lewis's view "Near the Wye," a veritable bit of nature, admirably painted.

Among the water colours Mr. Smallfield's, as might be expected, *facile princeps*. There is a feeling about his "Time of Roses," as well as exquisite handling and a knowledge of colour.

Mr. McKean's "Cockermouth," Mr. Perry's "Roman Peasants," and Mr. Naffel's "Eboli" are all deserving of high praise, and there are some fair sea-pieces by Mr. Philp and Mr. Robins. On the whole, the water colours are a better selection; but we must remember that the superiority of our water-colour school relieves the prizeholders of much of the credit we might be inclined to give them.

A capital engraving, by Mr. Lamb Stocks, from Mr. Frith's famous "Claude Du Val" is exhibited in the room, and will form the presentation plate for the next year's Art-Union; and there is also to be seen one of the most perfectly successful chromolithographs we remember to have seen—"Wild Roses," from a drawing by Mr. Birket Foster. "Young England," from a drawing by Mr. Fripp, is not so happily devoid of the faults to which these coloured reproductions are liable. A couple of bas-relief medallions and a statuette of Mr. Durham's "Go to Sleep!" are also to be seen.

After a careful survey of the collection, returning to the question with which we commenced, we are compelled in candour to acknowledge our inability to see any great improvement in taste effected by the Art-Union, and sympathise, on the whole, with the desire of its authorities to insist on the fact that the selections made by their clients or pupils is entirely beyond their control.

A GIRL SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE came from Mahaska to Knoxville Iowa, a short time since, in order to procure a marriage license; and that she might take the oath with a clear conscience (?) she placed in her shoes a strip of paper on which was written the number eighteen, so that she could swear she was over eighteen, by which means she secured her license, was forthwith joined to her lover, and returned home.

OBITUARY.

MR. C. W. DILKE.—Mr. C. W. Dilke, father of Sir Wentworth Dilke, and well known in the literary world, died last week, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. *Notes and Queries*, to which Mr. Dilke was long a contributor, pays the following tribute to his worth and talent:—"In the death of Charles Wentworth Dilke, Esq., *Notes and Queries* has sustained a great loss; for, among the many able writers who have from time to time contributed to its pages, no one has enriched them with so many valuable papers illustrative of English history and literature as he whose death it is now our painful duty to record. Mr. Dilke was one of the truest-hearted men and kindest friends it has ever been our good fortune to know. The distinguishing feature of his character was his singular love of truth, and his sense of its value and importance, even in the minutest points and questions of literary history. In all his writings the enforcement of this great principle as the only foundation of literary honour and respectability was his undeviating aim and object."

MISS KATHERINE SOUTHEY.—The last living link connecting the name of Southey with Keswick has just passed away, more than sixty years having elapsed since the late Laureate fixed his residence in the lake metropolis. Miss Katherine Southey, the third and only unmarried daughter of the poet, was born at Greta Hall, and reached her fifty-fourth year on Monday. She had been for some time confined to her room, and died on Friday night week of congestion of the brain, at Lairthwaite Cottage, Keswick, where her aunt, Mrs. Lovell, expired a few years since. By the death of Miss Southey a civil list pension of £100 per annum reverts to the Crown.

MR. F. ROBSON, THE COMEDIAN.—Mr. F. Robson, the admirable actor who so suddenly but so securely took a prominent position before the town as one of the most gifted comedians the stage had known for very many years, and who had long been suffering from severe illness, which had compelled his withdrawal from the Olympic boards some time ago, died on Friday morning week. He has left a son, who, having embraced his father's profession, may perpetuate his name on the stage. Mr. Frederick Robson was born at Margate in the year 1821, of parents in the middle station of life, still remembered in that town with great respect. He was apprenticed at the usual age to a copper-plate engraver in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden; but his affections soon tended towards another branch of art, and he obtained an appearance at the once famous Amateur Theatre in Catherine-street, Strand, where he appeared as Simon Meablag in the drama of "Grace Huntley." To obtain practice he accepted an engagement at the Whitstable theatre as "second utility;" but, as this theatre was situated on the first floor of a private house, it may be readily understood his limits of action were exceedingly circumscribed. He went to other equally small establishments, appeared at Uxbridge, and then got promoted to the metropolis, making, in 1844, his appearance at the Grecian, where he remained five years. The manager of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, then offered Mr. Robson an engagement in a leading position. This was accepted, and commenced in 1850. With the Dublin public, honourably celebrated for its high appreciation of talent, the new comedian became immediately a great favourite. He remained in the Irish capital for three years, dividing his time there between the two principal theatres. On Mr. Compton's secession from the Olympic, he was engaged by Mr. Farren to supply that gentleman's place. He accordingly appeared there at Easter, 1853, and, after a very few weeks of public indifference, made his name the great feature of the playbill. He first acted before the Olympic audience (March 28, 1853) in "Catching an Heiress," but it was not till the late Francis Talfourd's clever burlesque of "Macbeth" came out (April 25, 1853) that he really made a great impression. On the 23rd of May following he gave a fresh popularity to Jem Baggs in "The Wandering Minstrel," and in the succeeding July played Shylock in Mr. Talfourd's travesty of "The Merchant of Venice." These parts established his fame as a comedian of rare powers; and when in the October of the same year Mr. Alfred Wigan became lessee, Mr. Robson was retained as a most valuable attraction. In "The Camp at the Olympic" and "Plot and Passion" he excited the admiration of the whole town; and afterwards, in Mr. Planché's fairy burlesques and in Mr. Brough's "Medea," was acknowledged a comedian of the highest order. When Mr. Wigan surrendered his management of the Olympic, in 1857, Mr. Robson became joint-lessee of that establishment with Mr. W. S. Emden, and till the time of his death, though he had ceased to act there, his name appeared as co-lessee on the playbills. Mr. Robson was buried at Norwood Cemetery on Wednesday, in the presence of a large number of his literary and dramatic friends, who had assembled as a tribute of respect to his memory. In accordance with an expressed wish, the funeral was private.

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS AT SEA.—The Liverpool papers contain a narrative of fearful sufferings endured by the passengers and crew of a Liverpool vessel, the *All Serene*, that was capsized in a gale on her voyage from the Sandwich Islands to Sydney. Most of those on board took refuge in the chains, where they managed to make a raft or punt, to which they committed themselves, and for sixteen days endured terrible sufferings on the open ocean, men dying every day from want and disease. The survivors landed at last on an island in the Fiji group, where the natives, apparently under missionary influence, treated them kindly.

GENERAL LANGIEWICZ.—A telegraphic despatch from Berne has announced that the Federal Council has formally claimed the release of the ex-Polish Dictator Langiewicz, who has become a Swiss citizen. It may be remarked that this demand of the Federal Council is not new, and the belief was that the Court of Vienna some weeks ago decided on acceding to it. Some journals even made known the conditions laid down for giving liberty to the ex-Dictator, and accepted both by M. Langiewicz and by the Federal Government. The affair appeared to be thus terminated, when everything has again been called in question. The assertion now is that it is Count de Rechberg, who, on his return from Kissingen, raised fresh difficulties, and in some measure withdrew the promise which had been given. This explains the late step taken by the Federal Council.

THE LATE MISSION TO RICHMOND.—Mr. Horace Greeley states in an article in the *Independent* that Colonel Jacques and Mr. Gilmore, the latter more widely known as Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," went to Richmond with the full knowledge of the President, intent on devising or discovering some ground of accommodation or adjustment between the belligerents now devastating the Republic, and appear to have been treated with signal courtesy and even generous hospitality. Mr. Gilmore gives the net product of the unofficial mission in this piquant passage:—"Jefferson Davis said to me last Sunday, and, with all his faults, I believe him a man of truth, 'This war must go on till the last of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his musket and fight our battles, unless you acknowledge our right of self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence; and that, or extermination, we will have.'"

FEDERAL ATROCITIES IN VIRGINIA.—The following is one of the acts committed by the Federals in the Shenandoah Valley which has provoked the Confederates to retaliate by burning Chambersburg. Governor Letcher, of Virginia, in a letter to the Mayor of Richmond, states that his house was occupied by some Federal officers, who assured Mrs. Letcher that the house would be spared. Subsequently General Hunter arrived, and, without permitting Mrs. Letcher to remove an article of furniture or clothing, ordered the premises to be set fire to. Immediately thereafter camphine was poured on the parlour floor, and ignited with a match. In the meantime Miss Letcher had gathered up an armful of clothing, and was going out when General Hunter discovered her, ran forward, and fired the clothing in her arms. He then poured camphine in the wardrobes, bureau drawers, and ignited the clothing; taking out Mr. Letcher's clothing, which he said he intended to take north. The house was destroyed.

THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.—The elections in Belgium have resulted favourably for the Liberals, who, it is calculated, will have a majority of 12 in the new Chamber, the numbers returned being—Liberals, 64; Clericals, 52. The greatest check the Clerical party has sustained has been a. Charierol, where M. Deschamps has been defeated by a great many votes. M. Deschamps was one of the promoters of the Parliamentary strike which prevented the Chamber from deliberating. At Bruges three Ultramontane deputies have been replaced by the Liberal party. The party which now is called on to govern must take a conciliatory attitude in case the Clericals adopt tactics more moderate than they did during the last Session. It may be said, however, that the Left is now composed of men of decided opinions, whereas before the dissolution of the Chamber it contained several who were but few shades removed from the leaders of the Right. The clergy have made a great mistake in acting with the violence they did last July; for they were quietly gaining more influence than it is possible for them to gain now that Belgium is aware of their ambition. In 1857 the Left were able to command a majority of two thirds; and a month ago they found themselves obliged to make an appeal to the country when accused of having remained in power against the desire of the nation.

RECLAMATION OF THE "WASH."—An important meeting of the magistrates of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire has been held at the Globe Hotel, King's Lynn, for the purpose of defining the boundaries of the counties of Norfolk and Lincolnshire in the large tract of reclaimed land called Wingland. The reclaimed land proposed to be divided consists of about 5000 acres actually brought under cultivation, and above 1000 acres as yet only partially reclaimed. This work of reclamation is part of the original scheme of making a new county, which was to be called Victoria county; and the district, which now presents the aspect of highly-cultivated and richly-productive fields, was but a few years ago a dreary waste of alluvial mud, over which each tide passed. But the immediate cause of the reclamation has been the operation of the New Cutfall Act. The magistrates, having agreed to the boundary-line, which gives nearly an equal amount to each county, gave directions for the line to be marked out. This is to be done by stone posts or landmarks. It should be mentioned that this is but one portion of a very large tract of land that is being, through engineering skill, taken from what has been known as the Wash, but which would seem to have been, ages back, dry land, as the immense submarine forest stretching across the mouth of the Wash off Hunstanton indicates. Many thousands of acres have also been already reclaimed through the operation of the Norfolk estuary scheme.

